THE LIVING AGE

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for March, 1936

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THE GUIDE POST

WE LEAD OFF our issue this month with a document of prime importance: an 'Open Letter to the Japanese People' in which a prominent Chinese editor and publicist speaks with a frankness rare among Orientals of the mounting bitterness and hatred Japan's policy is engendering in China. Dr. Hu Shih's letter was first published in his own newspaper, the *Independent Critic*, of Peiping. A few days later a carefully censored version of it was printed in Japan, along with an elaborately evasive (and much more characteristically Oriental) Japanese reply. Dr. Hu's letter and the translation of the Japanese answer were then widely reprinted in China, where they are being vigorously used for propaganda purposes in schools and colleges. Dr. Hu may therefore be said to give us, in as straight-shooting a form as we are likely to get it anywhere, the point of view of the Chinese intellectuals and students whose anti-Japanese demonstrations and riots have been giving the authorities of both nations so much concern lately. [p. 8]

NEXT we have a statement by an English-speaking German of the difficulties which lie in the way of the journalist who attempts to interpret Japan to the West. Mr. Günther Stein, former foreign correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, is now stationed in Tokyo, from whence he sends frequent reports to his present paper, the *Pester Lloyd*, and articles to the English and American weeklies. The piece which we reprint from the London *Spectator* tells of some of the obstacles to 'getting the story' in Japan. [p. 12]

FROM JAPAN we return to the mainland of Asia, where we listen in on a conversation which some Europeans and Americans held in a café in Port Arthur a few weeks ago. Ella Maillart, one of the foreign correspondents of the *Journal de Genève*, was there to report what she heard, and, thanks to her, we are able to learn how Western businessmen stationed in the Far East feel about the future there. [p. 15]

LAST MONTH we published a careful estimate by an anonymous contributor to the French topical weekly, *Vu*, of the strength of the various Fascist 'leagues' of France. This month we perform the same service for the forces of the Left, the various groups which together form the Popular Front. If France is peaceful today, it is so thanks to the watchful eyes and the strong arms of the members of this organization. And if France is plunged into civil war tomorrow, it will be these 'armies of the Left' which will defend the liberties for which democracy stands. [p. 18]

THREE YEARS ago this month the Nazi Reichstag, elected after Hitler had been appointed Chancellor, voted to grant the Nazi Cabinet dictatorial powers for four years; and then adjourned *sine die*, leaving the field to the administrative wing of the Government. What has Hitler accomplished since that day, and why are hopes for his speedy overthrow so much dimmer today than they were then? A special correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* attempts to answer this. [p. 25]

BUT IF the Nazis stay in power by giving away cigars and excursion tickets to the milder members of the German nation, they stay in power also by continuing the methods of persecution and repression with which they so shocked the world three years ago. At least that is the contention of Heinz Pol, whose article on German concentration camps we translate from a recent issue of the *Neue Weltbühne*, one of the leading German émigré weeklies. [p. 30]

(*Continued on page 94*)

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THE LIVING AGE

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In 1844

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March, 1936 *Volume 350, Number 4434*

The World Over

THE DEATH OF KING GEORGE V and the accession of King Edward VIII will not leave British policy, foreign and domestic, unchanged. The young King's tastes in entertainment have been compared to his grandfather's; his political sympathies are another story. For King George V inherited from his father a strong anti-German, pro-French bias in foreign affairs. By 1910, when George came to the throne, his country was already committed to the Franco-Russian Alliance, and British statesmanship had no choice but to fight Germany in 1914. In 1936, however, British diplomacy is not committed to support the Franco-Soviet pact, and if King Edward VIII has anything to say about it, his country will not definitely join the anti-German coalition.

As Prince of Wales, the new King took several occasions to show his sympathy for Germany and to express his hope that bygones would be bygones. Last June he proposed that the British Legion should send a good-will delegation to Germany to visit the Nazi ex-Servicemen. The Left-wing press at once raised the cry of Fascism and recalled that Edward had also praised the British Officers' Training Corps and had attacked its critics as 'misguided cranks.' Yet during the General Strike of 1926 he did not hide his sympathy for the miners, whom he later visited. His bitter comments on the condition of the underprivileged classes upset many aristocrats, and the report of a trip he made to the northern coalfields was never published.

But it is precisely this sympathy for the poor—like his desire for international reconciliation—that lays the new King open to the charge of

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Fascism, because he is at the same time an advocate of military preparedness and might even speak to Hitler on the street. Whether or not King Edward will take the rôle of the man on horseback, for which he is superbly equipped, he is not likely to depart from the time-honored tradition of upholding the *status quo*. According to the Independent Labor Party's *New Leader*, King George used his political influence:—

To support Ulster against the Home Rule Bill in 1914.
To support intervention against Soviet Russia in 1919.
To secure the establishment of a National Government in 1931.
To secure the restoration of King George of Greece.
To advance the Hoare-Laval Peace Pact in order to save the Italian Royal Family.

From this line King Edward VIII is not likely to deviate sharply.

THE NEWS as we go to press that the Baldwin government plans a two-billion-dollar rearmament program will not be greeted with complete enthusiasm in London financial circles. The Westminster Bank, for instance, one of the 'Big Five,' has attacked the statement by another 'Big Five' director to the effect that a costly rearmament program would promote money. S. Japhet and Company, a large international banking establishment with headquarters in London, has made the same point in its annual financial review. Since 1929 international trade in armaments has more than doubled, yet this represents only a portion of total domestic armament expenditures. Replying to the argument of Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, that armament expenditures stimulate employment, Japhet's financial review states:—

> Heavy armament expenditure leads *ipso facto* to international nervousness and thereby is an additional stumbling block to genuine international trade and more so as this nervousness is exploited by the advocates of national self-sufficiency. This vicious circle is at the same time tending to perpetuate trade restrictions as well as subsidies to certain home industries.
>
> Defense expenditure we must still have in this imperfect world, but a reduction of this costly item and a release of capital, labor and raw materials for other more productive uses will only be achieved when, *inter alia*, the fallacy of rearmament as a means of furthering economic prosperity is realized.

When international bankers preach disarmament—that's news.

THE CONDITION of the London banks at the end of 1935 explains these misgivings. Their current and deposit accounts showed the all-time record high figure of £2,091,313,000—a rise of £120,000,000 in a year, of £151,000,000 in two years, and of £330,000,000 since the crisis year of 1931. What this figure means is that British industry—like American industry—offers few opportunities for profitable investment. People

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with property prefer to keep their assets in a liquid condition, while the banks, in turn, prefer to put their money into short-term bills rather than long-term government securities. Already in December they had foreseen and allowed for the additional government borrowings on which the rearmament program will have to be based. Needless to say, England is not alone in its defense preparations; in fact its delay in following the lead of Germany, Japan, Italy and the Soviet Union may cost it dear. Since 1932, for instance, the price of tungsten has risen more than three and one half times, and production is more than twice what it was in 1913 —the peak year of the pre-War armament race. Output has increased from 9,000 tons in 1932 to over 20,000 tons in 1935, and virtually all the increase went into armaments. Today the supply cannot meet the demand.

THE OVERTHROW of the Laval Cabinet marks the beginning of a new period of crisis in France at least as serious as the one that led to the riots of February 6, 1934. And again the parties of the Left in general and the Radical Socialists in particular seem to have blundered. For months the six Radical members of the Laval Cabinet made no objections to its pro-Italian foreign policy and to its subservience to the Bank of France on the question of currency devaluation. It was not the Radicals or even the Popular Front they had formed with the Socialists and Communists that forced Laval to support the League instead of Italy; it was the action of the British electorate in demanding the resignation of Sir Samuel Hoare. After that, even Laval saw that he could not hope to buy off Mussolini with a huge slice of Ethiopian territory. Meanwhile the militant opposition of the French people to the Fascist leagues forced Laval to modify his domestic policy and forbid the Croix de Feu to drill and demonstrate with arms. In view of these two concessions by Laval it is difficult to account for the withdrawal of the Radicals from his Cabinet, for they had a much stronger case against him three months ago when he was working hand in glove with Mussolini abroad and with Colonel de La Rocque at home. The deflationary policies of the Bank of France were strangling all economic activity and bringing the parties of the Right the same unpopularity that the Republicans suffered from in the United States during the Presidential campaign of 1932.

WHY THIS DECISION not merely to withdraw from the Laval Cabinet but to accept responsibility during a period when the existing government automatically courts displeasure? The answer probably lies in the personalities of the two chief Radical leaders—Herriot and Daladier. It was Herriot who caused Laval's downfall by withdrawing from the Cabinet and then resigning his presidency of the party. He had never approved of the Popular Front and, fearing disaster, wished to dissociate

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himself from the Radicals in order to be able to join a government of national concentration at some future date.

As for Daladier, he welcomed the opportunity to strengthen the hold of the Popular Front on the Radicals, not all of whom care to be associated with the Socialists and Communists. Yet in matters of foreign policy Herriot stands far to the left of Daladier. For the past fourteen years he has advocated closer Franco-Russian relations, and it was one of his governments that initiated the Franco-Soviet Pact. Daladier, on the other hand, rarely mentions the League of Nations, and it was one of his governments that sent Fernand de Brinon to Berlin and began making propaganda for the pacifism of Adolf Hitler. All France today is divided on the subject of whether to back Moscow or Berlin, but few individual Frenchmen pursue such contradictory policies as Herriot and Daladier. The confusion of these two leaders on matters of foreign and domestic policy reflects the confusion of the country as a whole.

ON ONE TOPIC only does there seem to be no doubt whatever in France and that is the fate of the currency. The year 1936 has begun like every one of the past three or four years with prophecies that the devaluation of the franc by 20 per cent or 25 per cent is a matter of months if not of weeks. Indeed the only question is whether devaluation will come before or after the May elections. The answer, however, does not lie exclusively in Paris. A British loan might carry the franc over the elections, and if London were to make such a loan contingent upon certain dictations of policy, the result on the United States might be extremely unpleasant. No one knows how large a part French and foreign funds have played in the recent rise on Wall Street, but if the franc were to be stabilized on gold at a lower level, considerable funds that moved across the Atlantic during 1935 would return to Paris. Furthermore, the dominant financial groups in New York and London have not forgiven President Roosevelt for torpedoing the World Economic Conference of 1933 and would like nothing better than to embarrass him with a stock market slump during the election year. The London *Economist* hints that 1936 may see another burst of competitive currency devaluation.

WHILE THE SOVIET UNION leads all nations in its oil exports to Fascist Italy, it also welcomes financial credits from Nazi Germany. Chairman Molotov of the Central Executive Committee of the Soviet Union has reported that the German government, which granted his own Government a five-year credit of 250 million marks last April, wants to offer still larger credits over a ten-year period. 'Full of contradictions as the situation in modern Germany is,' announced Molotov, 'we do not decline to consider this practical offer of the German government.'

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Needless to say, the offer cuts two ways; in fact it works more to the disadvantage of Germany than of Russia, for the Russians will be the ones to reap the benefit in the form of superior equipment. But the Germans cannot be too scrupulous, provided their industries get the Russian orders. Profits are increasing; prices of luxury goods doubled during December; but there is a real shortage of butter, fats, meat and eggs. Even those with the money to buy food must stand in line and receive rations as in wartime. In consequence Doctors Goebbels and Ley, representing the Propaganda Department and the Labor Front respectively, have declared war on Doctor Schacht, while Göring favors a *coup d'état* by the army if Goebbels and Ley make trouble. Hitler stands with Schacht, but even his power has shown some signs of decay. He has agreed, for instance, to a ruling by his Cabinet members to submit his speeches to them for approval before they are issued for publication in Germany or abroad. He no longer speaks direct by radio but has a record made of the approved portions of his talks and these are broadcast after the actual meeting. Such details may mean much or little, but seen in conjunction with a general economic deterioration they do not make the future of National Socialist Germany look too hopeful.

GERMANY APPEARS ALSO to have suffered a reverse abroad. Colonel Beck, Poland's Foreign Minister, made a speech before Parliament in the middle of January and did not mention the subject of 'bilateral pacts' which he had endorsed only a year before. This omission and its significance were not lost on the *Berliner Tageblatt*, which criticized him for his sudden conversion to collective agreements and regional organizations. Colonel Beck reminded the Soviet Union that Poland had been the first to sign one of its non-aggression treaties back in 1932, and he paid special homage to Great Britain:—

> I have no right to define Great Britain as one of the parties to the Abyssinian dispute, for this is being handled in accordance with the prescribed procedure of the League. Our relations with Great Britain are of the best, as is shown by activities in Geneva and by the favorable development of our economic intercourse with that country. Any differences between Great Britain's fundamental aims in Europe and the vital interests of our policy seem to be improbable.

While calling the 'universalism' of the League a failure, he did indicate that Poland would continue to support that organization:—

> We do not pass judgment on the Covenant of the League, nor upon its possible reform. But, so long as it is recognized by a great number of countries, it binds us equally with the others: no more, but no less. We cannot contribute to the weakening of this instrument of international collaboration. This consideration was decisive in the line of action which we took at Geneva (on the Italo-Abyssinian conflict).

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Between the lines of these utterances any nation or group of nations that wants Polish coöperation can read the message that 'Barkis is willin''—at a price.

GERMAN MINORITIES in the three Little Entente countries have become one of the most embarrassing problems in modern Europe. Rumania and Yugoslavia have about half a million citizens each of German origin; Czechoslovakia has three-and-a-half millions. But the Germans of Rumania and Yugoslavia enjoy greater prosperity than the average citizens where the Czechoslovak Germans enjoy less. There are 700,000 unemployed in Czechoslovakia and half of these are Germans who form only 22 per cent of the total population. Partly because of this distress and partly because of their proximity to the Third Reich, no less than 70 per cent of the Germans in Czechoslovakia have joined a political party on the Nazi model, although its leader, Conrad Henlein, denies having any personal contact with Hitler.

The chief resistance to Henlein comes, not from the Czechs, but from the workers, both Czech and German; the employing class, on the other hand, supports his anti-Marxist doctrines. Gangs of thugs beat up Socialists and Communists while the German radio urges Henlein's followers on. The Czechs believe that Nazi Germany aims to destroy their state, but they do not take Henlein's emotionalism seriously and wait for the future to discredit him. The German minority, in turn, reacts with increased violence because they see their birth-rate falling while the Czech birth-rate rises. Meanwhile the smaller German minorities in Rumania and Yugoslavia show fewer symptoms of unrest and less desire for unity. Some subscribe to Hitler's racial doctrines; others are more inclined to let well enough alone; and it is this latter element, curiously enough, that has the support of the German Nazis. For the Third Reich knows that the German minorities in Rumania and Yugoslavia—unlike the much larger German group in Czechoslovakia—can accomplish nothing independently. On the other hand, the governments of both countries, especially in army circles, have pro-German and anti-French tendencies which might bring them over into the Nazi camp.

ITALY'S INVASION of Ethiopia has given rise to a series of diplomatic maneuvers in the Near East. Turkey, Iran, Iraq and Afghanistan have drafted a non-aggression pact which Arabia, Yemen and Transjordania may also sign. But whatever comes of this particular project, there is no doubt that the rising nationalist movement has become the most important single factor in the Near East. Mustapha Kemal was the first man to organize this sentiment, and Turkey therefore stands to reap the reward of his foresight. When his troops defeated the Greeks in

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1922, Kemal really defeated Great Britain, and he did so without accepting the aid that the Soviet Union offered. Foreseeing Anglo-Russian rivalry, he made Turkey a neutral buffer state, and then, by liquidating the Moslem religion, he removed many religious controversies from the political arena. In this way Kemal assured Turkey's immunity from Russian or British attack and at the same time set an example of anti-clericalism that was long overdue in the Mohammedan world. The temporal ruler of Turkey no longer claimed spiritual leadership over all Mohammedan peoples. Today Kemal stands at the head of the independent nations of the Near East and has led them rather more in the Russian than in the English camp. Ibn Saud of Arabia, on the other hand, stands at the head of the Pan-Arabian movement, which is more or less under British influence. These two leaders, the one a hard-drinking agnostic, the other a teetotalling Moslem fanatic, have it in their power to dictate terms to all the Great Powers in the Near East.

THE YEAR 1935 saw Japan break many records. The population of all the possessions of the Island Empire surpassed 100 million, and industrial production doubled as compared with 1928. The industries working for armaments and exports showed the greatest gains, and total exports increased 17 per cent, while imports advanced only 10 per cent. The total volume of trade exceeded 5 billion yen for the first time in Japanese history, and the unfavorable trade balance of only 30 million yen was more than overbalanced by the so-called 'invisible imports' from foreign investments.

Three factors made these records possible—first and foremost the superior efficiency of Japanese factories in turning out low-cost goods; second, increased exports to the United States; third, the Italian-Ethiopian war, which opened several markets to the Japanese. Of particular interest to American citizens, who are being urged by such British spokesmen as General Smuts and Sir Frederick Whyte to fight Japan in behalf of England, is the fact that Japanese-American trade is now three times as great as Chinese-American trade. The fly in the ointment lies in the Japanese budget. This will show a deficit of 757,500,000 yen, or two-thirds of the total government expenditures, excluding the military and naval appropriations, which, in turn, account for 46½ per cent of all expenditures.

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A Chinese editor talks turkey to the Japanese, and two European journalists report on conditions in the East.

The World Looks *at* JAPAN

News and Views from the Orient

I. An Open Letter to the Japanese People

By Dr. Hu Shih

Translated by Yu Hsi-chien

From the *Independent Critic*, Peiping Independent Weekly

To THE Japanese People:

This open letter is written in compliance with a request made by one of your prominent scholars, Mr. Takanobu Murobuse, three months ago. My delay in writing it has been due partly to pressure of affairs during the past few months; but the main reason is rather that I doubt very much whether such a letter will ever serve any good purpose at all. If I should write in a sweet tone to please you, it would be against my conscience. And if I should allow myself to speak straight from my heart, I am afraid that you would turn a deaf ear to me.

Nevertheless, I have now made up my mind to write this letter because the strained relationship between China and Japan has recently progressed so much for the worse that I cannot restrain myself any longer from laying bare to you what is in my heart.

The first message that I wish to convey to you is: I sincerely beseech that from now on you will cease to talk about the so-called 'Sino-Japanese amity.' Whenever during the past four years I have heard any Japanese use this sweet-sounding phrase, it has always given me a sickly feeling of pain —the same feeling of pain that I suffered whenever I heard any Japanese militarist speak of the 'rule of benevolence.' To speak frankly, I do not understand what these phrases mean. Your militarists talk about the 'rule of benevolence,' when everyone can see that what they really mean is the 'rule of malevolence.' And you talk about striving for Sino-Japanese mu-

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tual help and amity when, as a matter of fact, every one can see that you are only doing your utmost to sow the seeds of mutual hatred and enmity. I presume that you must have enough sentiment and common sense to realize that under such circumstances it is entirely meaningless to talk about 'Sino-Japanese amity.'

I wish that you would turn over in your minds the following questions: what have you accomplished in your four years of endeavor for mutual amity? Are we more kindly disposed toward each other, or are we plunged in even deeper hatred?

It was only last June that the Chinese Government was coerced by the Japanese militarists into issuing a 'Love Your Neighbor' decree prohibiting all anti-Japanese speech and activities. It is true that the decree has succeeded in suppressing all anti-Japanese speech and activities. But it must also be true that the decree of a government, no matter how stringent, can never suppress the inner thoughts and emotions of a people. And as it is impossible for these thoughts and sentiments—thoughts and sentiments of deep hatred—to find expression through their proper channels, it is but natural that they should become even more firmly entrenched in their hearts and take on an ever deeper and deeper hue. This is but common sense about human nature. It is difficult to understand why the Japanese militarists and citizens should have utterly overlooked it.

Therefore my first admonition to you is: I pray that you will stop your talk of 'Sino-Japanese amity.' Our present problem is essentially one of finding a way to end 'Sino-Japanese enmity,' not one of promoting 'Sino-Japanese amity.' So long as this mutual hatred is not dissolved, all talk about friendship and amity is simply insult on the part of the Japanese, and false professions on the part of the Chinese.

II

The second message that I wish to give you is: I sincerely hope that you will not treat lightly the hatred of a people numbering four hundred millions. 'Even the sting of a small wasp is poisonous;' it will not be hard for you to imagine what injury may result to you from the deep resentment of four hundred million people.

I believe you must agree with me that for the past four years the Chinese Government and people, with all their patience and submission, have gone far enough in prostrating themselves before your unreasonable demands—demands backed by force. This they have done only because they recognize the superiority of your army and navy and have tried to avoid every possibility of armed conflict, so that under this forced submission they might be given a chance to rebuild their badly shattered nation.

But as we watch patiently the activities of your militarists, we have finally come to the painful realization that there is no limit to their greediness. Manchuria is not big enough for them, so they must have Jehol. Still not satisfied, they invaded the eastern part of Chahar. And now even the demilitarized zone of northeastern Hopei will not satiate their greed for another puppet state in the five provinces of Northern China. And so, step by step, they are eating their way into the heart of China. True it is that there is no limit to their greediness;

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but they must have overlooked the fact that there is a limit to Chinese patience and submission. And the time may come when the Chinese people, maddened by too much insult and hatred, will make a desperate effort to hit back.

The recent resistance of Abyssinia against Italian invasion could hardly have given us a better example or one that more quickly puts us to shame and incites us to fresh effort. 'Can't we catch up even with the Abyssinians?' is a current query that can be heard everywhere in China.

Be it granted that to catch up with the Abyssinians is no easy task for the Chinese, still I can assure you of one fact: should it come about that China be pressed so hard that she has no way out, then there will be only one thing left for her to do—stake everything in a desperate counter-attack, let her big cities and industrial centers be blown up by the most up-to-date, deadly bombers and cannon. Two years ago, one of your military leaders sounded a 'policy of ruins.' If that is what your country is going to do with China, then you can be assured that we have really come to our journey's end and are bound to find some way out. What you have allowed us is a narrow path—the path of the life-and-death struggle of a bound animal, the path of counteracting the Japanese 'policy of ruins' by the Chinese 'policy of ruins.' And it is very doubtful whether Japan will benefit much by a ruined China.

I hope you can be convinced of this truth: so long as any two countries have decided to go to war, it is quite usual for the strong to conquer the weak; but it need not necessarily foster hatred in the mind of the defeated. The Russo-Japanese alliance was concluded not more than five years after the Russo-Japanese War. It was not more than ten years after the Sino-Japanese War that the majority of Chinese sympathized with the Japanese in their war with Russia. Again, it was not long after being defeated by Prussia that Austria entered into alliance with her former adversary. Defeat in battle does not necessarily create hatred in one's mind. It is only when one is struck without warning, or taken advantage of while in so straitened a position that he is unable either to strike back or stand and defend himself—the sort of thing that a country like Japan, where chivalry has long been a social tradition, should not stoop to do—that one feels most embittered.

III

My third message to you is: as an admirer of Japan, I strongly advise that you take care not to despoil yourselves of your marvelous achievements of the past and the great future that lies before you. The great achievements of Japan in the past sixty years not only present a glorious picture of the Japanese people, but may also be viewed as one of the great 'miracles' of all mankind. Anyone who reads the glorious records of Japanese history in the past sixty years cannot help feeling both awe and admiration.

But let me remind you of another Chinese proverb: 'A task well started, if not carried on in the same good spirit, is likely to end sadly.' It may take endless pains for a people to build up a great country, but it takes only a moment's rashness to break it into pieces. I am not going to cite instances

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from the huge empires of the past. It was only about two hundred years ago that Spain occupied about half of the globe, and her colonies took up every corner of the earth. But where is her big empire now? The swiftness with which Japan rose to a world Power could not find a better parallel than the Germany before the Great War. Before 1914, Germany excelled every country in almost everything—military equipment, political organization, industry, commerce, culture, science, philosophy, music and art. But the destructive effect of four years' wretched warfare turned this most admired country into the most disorderly and impoverished country in the world. In spite of her hard struggle for nearly twenty years, her position now is still far below her pre-War status. The more we examine these historical instances, the more we are convinced that we should 'be careful to end well.'

No country can expect a more promising future than Japan. Her progress will be obstructed by nobody. Her only obstacle is her own desire to destroy herself.

Mr. Arnold Toynbee, an English student of international relations, pointed out three years ago that the reckless behavior of the Japanese militarists amounts to no less than hastening the suicidal process for the whole Japanese people.

I profess candidly that I have ever been one of those who hold the highest opinion of the past achievements of the Japanese people. I have conceived of the great future that is in store for Japan; of the unbroken line of her successive emperors, all coming from one family; of the diligent, thrifty and patriotic spirit of her people; of her tradition of chivalry, love of art, and studious and scholarly atmosphere. I have observed in her people a combination of the best traits of both the German and the English and have visualized the future Japan as developing peacefully into the most admired and respected country in the Orient.

But as I follow the recent political tendencies of Japan, I have great misgivings about her future development. In the first place, the democratic constitutional spirit manifested in her political organization for the past sixty years was within a very short period replaced by the dictatorship of a few militarists. Secondly, a country always noted for political order and discipline, she now suffers a sudden change to political dislocation and derangement, so that a foreigner is often bewildered as to wherein lies her political sovereignty and wherein her military sovereignty. Thirdly, Japan, a country that has always been admired and respected, is now feared as a menace to world peace, and is surrounded by enemies at every turn. Fourthly, the new international situation created by the Japanese force could only be maintained *in statu quo* by an even greater force, which necessitates an unlimited expansion of her armaments. The Japanese expansion of armaments will in turn encourage other powers to start an armament race, and may eventually precipitate the outbreak of another World War.

With a huge seized territory in hand, the hatred of four hundred million people, a strong military opponent on land, and two strong naval rivals at sea, Japan has never needed such wise statesmanship and far-

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sightedness to handle a situation as she does now. A slight deviation from the right course will result in the most deplorable consequences and plunge the whole nation headlong into self-destruction!

The ancient saying 'check your horse speedily at the edge of a precipice' is the hardest golden rule for any statesman to follow, and there have been very few such instances in the political history of the whole human race. But 'there is no end to the bitter sea ahead, while a safe beach is just at your back.' The danger of not turning back and landing on the safe beach is inconceivable.

Therefore my last admonition to you is: I hope you will highly treasure the glorious achievements of your past, as well as your bright prospects for a great future. I feel constrained to offer you sincerely the above advice, because I do not believe that the annihilation of Japan would be a blessing either to China or to the world at large.

Yours sincerely,

HU SHIH

II. NEWS FROM JAPAN

By GÜNTHER STEIN

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

THE difficulties of a correspondent in Japan are numerous. They are partly artificial, though not, perhaps, to the same extent as in Soviet Russia, Italy or Germany. More important are the natural obstacles; and these are so immense that the authorities can content themselves with a small measure of interference. Even to a correspondent who has lived in Japan for many years the country remains, in many of its aspects, a closed book. He will still divine rather than know the essential facts.

The chief barrier is the language. To learn Japanese in the same way as an English journalist at, say, Berlin or Paris can learn German or French would take not less than ten years of intensive, and perhaps exclusive, study. A superficial knowledge of colloquial terms, which is quickly acquired, may be sufficient for dealing with the taxi-driver, the maid-servant, the shop assistant or the waitress. It does nothing to facilitate journalistic work. The reading of Japanese newspapers can be approached only with a real knowledge of at least three thousand complicated Chinese symbols in all their manifold individual and composite meanings.

It is nearly impossible, moreover, to obtain a satisfactory assistant who will not merely translate but select matters worth translating. Most foreigners, therefore, have no means of opening up the mine of information contained in the large and largely topical Japanese book literature, while acquaintance with the important political magazines must remain haphazard and incomplete. The cause of this difficulty is not merely the general lack of linguistic ability; it is largely the traditional reticence of every Japanese towards the foreigner—an attitude which survives even personal

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friendship. In centuries of isolation this reserve has become a part of the Japanese character. A brief period of relaxation during the 'liberal' political experiment has been completely wiped out by recent propaganda of the 'national emergency.'

Further difficulties arise from the lack of analytical and critical thinking, which is a conscious aim of Japanese education. It is often for this reason that the simplest questions fail to draw satisfactory replies. Finally, the mass of cumbersome traditions of polite intercourse threatens to envelop the enthusiasm of the searching journalist in an avalanche of misunderstanding and waste of time, of frustration and angry struggle. Many are the persons who combine to hinder, intentionally or otherwise, the correspondent's work. There is the translator who omits or waters down a report 'because it might give an unfavorable impression.' There is the policeman in uniform or mufti who on journeys overland appears at the hotel with the dawn and appoints himself guide and censor of the visitor's itinerary—he is apt to interpret any use of the camera as a dangerous act: the other day a group of Americans were arrested after photographing rows of radishes in a drying shed. There is the amiable local dignitary who will not understand that the foreigners have come for any purpose but to consume long, sumptuous meals.

To be a policeman appears to be the day-dream of every Japanese. Some time ago I was traveling together with an American journalist when we were visited in our rooms by a man who desired to know, in a mixture of Japanese and English, details of our respective age, place of birth, married state, number of children, purpose and time of sojourn, and political views. He made copious notes of our willing answers, and it was only afterwards that we discovered him to be an ordinary hotel guest without any connexion with the authorities.

Again, the Japanese newspapers do not offer the information usually found in the European or American Press. They are frequently misleading, and their idea of truth is oriental, that is to say, subjective. Their aim is to achieve the largest possible circulation with the least possible offence to the authorities. Accordingly they not only respect the recognized political 'taboos,' but also censor themselves so effectively that the Government rarely has occasion to intervene. The Press enjoys freedom of criticism only in the sense of still greater patriotic fervor; otherwise its freedom lies mainly in an extraordinary popularization of public personalities. Thus the Prime Minister's love of Saké, or the family affairs of Japanese diplomats, can be discussed without reserve. On the other hand the news service, particularly that from China, is heavily influenced and usually reflects without balance the existing disagreements between Japanese diplomacy and Japanese generals.

II

Among the constructive supports of the Tokyo correspondent is the tri-weekly meeting with the Director of the Information Department in the Foreign Office, Mr. Eiji Amau. The assistance offered is not very substantial, and often the exchange of views with one's colleagues in the ante-chamber is far more productive.

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Even at these meetings a strict ceremonial is observed. Regular visitors have their own reserved seats ranged according to the importance of their journals. Confronting Mr. Amau is his principal adversary, the correspondent of the Soviet Tass agency; next to him the seasoned representative of an American agency, who acts as unofficial spokesman of the foreign journalists; further on the greatly respected correspondent of the London and New York *Times*, and the representatives of Reuter and Havas. In the background there are some twenty other journalists from many countries. Mr. Amau, who is about forty-five and has uncommonly curly hair, a short moustache, and vivid eyes, talks informally, though with an undertone of sarcasm which is thrown back by his visitors.

Most questions are answered by stereotyped phrases such as 'I have no information on this matter.' Equally unhelpful are the familiar explanations about 'Japan's responsibility as the only stabilizing factor in the Far East;' about Japanese intentions sadly misjudged by the outside world; about the 'insincerity' of China; the Red menace; the unjustified attempt of Great Britain to interfere in China; the naval egotism of the United States; and the 'real independence' of Manchukuo. It is only on rare occasions that these discussions produce a sensational statement of policy, usually couched in terms of a warning to the world at large.

The journalist who wants to understand and interpret what is going on is thrown, apart from field work on cross-country journeys, upon the study of Japanese history. Nowhere does history repeat itself so thoroughly, with whatever variations, as in this single-minded country whose tactical traditions have become national characteristics as much as its political aims have grown into a State religion. What the official spokesman will say tomorrow about the conflict with North China, Japanese Ministers and diplomats have said thirty or forty years ago with regard to Korea and three or four years ago about Manchuria. How the latest struggle between services and bureaucracy over the spoils of the budget is likely to end can be judged pretty accurately from the domestic history of the last decades, provided the observer is able at the same time to judge the political atmosphere.

Curiously enough it is not very difficult, after some time spent in Japan, to get what old hands call the 'smell' of the political atmosphere here. It is far more difficult to obtain immediate, concrete information to confirm a guess which afterwards proves to have been quite correct. With all their love of secretiveness, with all the careful preservation of 'face' in the individual case, the Japanese are no cleverer than other people in disguising the unconscious expression of their moods and intentions. And this accessibility of the Japanese atmosphere is the answer to the question how foreign correspondents, and foreign diplomatists, for that matter, manage time and again in the face of enormous difficulties to give a picture of Japanese developments which later on, when facts become available, turns out to have been no less reliable than reports sent from countries free of those limitations.

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III. The Open Door in Manchukuo

By Ella Maillart

Translated from the *Journal de Genève*, Geneva Liberal Daily

ALTHOUGH it claims to be the seat of the Kwantung Government, Port Arthur is a sleepy city. One feels that the Japanese consider that they have only one lease there—the one gained from their first victory over the white race, in the Russo-Japanese War.

There, as everywhere else, my arms were filled with pamphlets—propaganda and statistics. Unless I resisted, I was reduced to going everywhere burdened by these printed documents—irrefutable ones, no doubt. The Japanese bent in two saluting me, vying with each other in order to impress their courtesy upon my European brain.

But tonight I am with people of my own race. And they talk, happy to meet someone to whom their problems are still new. The conversation touches upon all the burning questions of the day and, directed by the most competent persons among them, focuses upon the question that I have often wanted to have discussed.

'The Lytton report? You make me laugh! It is the work of people who have not the slightest idea of the Far East. What should be done? It is simple. . . . Boy, a whiskey! . . . You should merely recognize the independence of Manchukuo, establish embassies and above all send commercial attachés. No, Madam, today it is too late to do anything else: the Japanese are safely installed, all the best positions are taken. One of these days they will be able to say with a smile: "But the country has always been open to all." You see, they were afraid of our competition, and so they have stolen a march or two on us.'

'I see, Madam, that you are troubled by the principle of the Open Door.' This time it is a merchant who cross-examines me. Heavy, with a poise gained from fifteen years of China, he speaks slowly, like a professor. 'This Open Door does exist, so the Japanese statesmen claim—at least those of them who fear the effects of extreme state socialism, and those who see the day when, Japanese dumping having ceased to be profitable, they will have to appeal to foreign capital.'

One of my hosts expounds to me the primary aspects of the question.

'All this is well and good, my friends, but there is the army. You say "Ah!" Madam, and you are right. The army is the state. The army doesn't want recognition of Manchukuo, because as long as it stays unrecognized, it is the army that will remain in control. The country is the army's political colony, its strategic point.'

'And what the devil would businessmen do here,' adds another, 'if not diminish the importance of the militarists? And what about the Chinese? Do you believe that one could let them have a voice in the matter, here more than at Jehol or the north of China, where they are maneuvered

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around as the situation demands? . . . Boy, come here.'

And I think of all the uniforms I have come across, of all the lorries, all the rolls of barbed wire, of the enormous sabres in their sharkskin sheathes, of the officers' hard faces. Yes, the army is in its domain and will not stir from it. But a question burns my lips. Will the war break out here? This time they interrupt each other in their eagerness to reply.

'Good Lord, with whom? With the Russians? But they have just ceded their Chinese Eastern Railway, that apple of discord, and besides, everyone is afraid, if of nothing else, at least of not having enough strength for war. If this were not the case, wouldn't the Japanese have taken Siberia away from the Soviets three years ago, when Moscow was still convalescing?'

'As for a war to annex Mongolia,' a bass voice finishes the argument, 'it is still premature, at least, if the Japanese haven't yet got delusions of grandeur. They first have to digest Manchuria, which cost them dearly,' he adds with a great laugh.

II

In the temporary lull caused by the arrival of the boy charged with refilling the glasses, I think of all the commercial missions which have left Manchukuo with almost empty hands. Why? Couldn't they do business?

'Our business, Madam? Killed by competition. The way things are, we should all of us go away, one after another. Yes, yes, I know, the Open Door of Manchukuo. The door is open, of course, but it is only to let us out. It is not that Japan doesn't want foreign capital. On the contrary. Simply that she doesn't want other interests established here.'

'We ought to show Mademoiselle Maillart the tobacco industry,' interposes an American who had hitherto been silent. 'It is charming. The British-American Tobacco Company has been paying the State stamp duties of about 20,000,000 French francs a year. A sizable sum, isn't it? Then a Japanese cigarette mill and a Manchukuoan tobacco monopoly were established here. We will surely be ruined. And mind you, it is contrary to the treaty.'

This time they are all excited.

'And the oil situation? Still better!'

Better? I count on my fingers. There is the Standard Oil, Asiatic Petroleum, Texaco . . . I must have spoken out loud, for I am interrupted:—

'Not for a long time.'

'But,' I say, 'what about the assurance given the foreign companies that they will be able to import the same amount of oil as in the past?'

'You don't know the Japanese. They have specified nothing, and Manchukuo doesn't buy anything from us except the raw oil. Consequently retail trade, the only kind that could improve our situation here, is out of the question. And then the costly foreign equipment is bought up by the distributing monopoly at a disgustingly low price.'

'Well calculated.'

'Better than you think. The Minister of Finance has deigned to tell us that we are going to lose money, that he is broken-hearted; but, says he, since it is a question of State interest and the protection of national resources. . . !'

This time I follow them. How many times have they spoken to me about

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the war oil reserves to be stored outside of the Japanese metropolis? Weren't all the tanks of Yokohama destroyed in 1923, at the time of the earthquake?

'The new refinery at Dairen is already producing 5,000,000 gallons a year. One can anticipate double that amount for next year; as a matter of fact, one can count on it. Just imagine a monopoly with a capital of 25 million, the Government being the shareholder for one quarter of this, South Manchuria for a half . . .'

'And the last quarter?'

'Can't you guess? The rivals Mitsui–Mitsubishi, associated for once, doubtless to worry the militarists into taking a hand in the management of the country.'

All the same, I know that 11,000,000 gallons have been imported during the past year.

'But think of the rôle that Fushun is going to play in the oil situation,' one of my interlocutors interrupts. 'You ought to go and see this, Madam. It is only in Tonkin that you can find such a charcoal plant. The charcoal is extracted from bituminous schists, the supply of which is estimated at five billion tons. By exploiting these schists the Japanese will have enough to provision their navy for the next seventy-five years.'

Fushun depends for its transportation upon the South Manchuria Railway, as does the port of Dairen, and also the mines, factories, forests, hospitals, schools, farms and hotels which are situated on ground near the railroads. These represent enormous capital, which must be closely watched. So the Japanese claim that four years ago, when the Chinese constructed railroads that would have ruined the South Manchuria Railway, they were forced to attack China in order to protect their invested capital.

Anarchy reigned under Chang Tso-lin before the 'incident' of 1931 (they never call it war, because war was never declared). Manchuria was anybody's prey who wanted to take it. According to the Japanese, they could not run the risk of having Russia take possession of it. And although there are 30 million Chinese in the country, it never really belonged to China, they say, for it was the Manchus who conquered the Middle Kingdom.

'To tell the truth,' concludes the American, 'the Japanese wanted to have a hand in Asia in order to begin their conquest of the continent, and they lacked raw materials, as well as an outlet for their congested production. They have to provide a livelihood for 90 million of their subjects, increased by a million each year, and they have no place to emigrate to.'

'To establish their supremacy in Asia is the only policy that they can follow in view of their economic situation. They are obstinate and devoted to their country even to death. If we could only agree to conceal our technical progress, if only for a time, from them . . .'

'It is our weakness that makes them strong. They are anxious to have a strong ally in Europe . . .'

'Isn't Japan today,' I venture, 'on the way to aiding Ethiopia by all the means in her power, and doesn't she find herself for that reason on the same side as England?'

'Yes,' replies an Englishman. 'But Japan isn't trying to join us as an ally; her purpose is to oppose the white race by supporting the colored race. Once again they profit by our mistakes.'

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Here is an appraisal by an anonymous observer of the fighting forces at the disposal of the French Popular Front.

ARMIES *of the* LEFT

Translated from *Vu*
Paris Topical Weekly

AFTER the demonstrations by the forces of the Right and of the Left which took place on July 14th last at the Étoile and the Bastille respectively, some people who claim to have seen them declared: 'The Popular Front is made up of voters, but the National Front is made up of soldiers.'

These formulas have never been more than very rough approximations, and today they are growing less and less true to the realities, and even appearances, of the situation. If the Leagues, and at their head the Croix de Feu, are managing to preserve over their adversaries a very clear military superiority, the Popular Front is becoming increasingly something more than a vague group united by political and sentimental ties. The task of defending themselves against an eventual attack by the Right on the Government, and even against the preliminary steps toward such an attack, has in fact evoked in the ranks of the Left and the extreme Left a will to strike back which has already been translated into organizational measures with a view to street fighting.

The organization is strictly defensive, no doubt, but it borrows from classical strategy and tactics many of their most effective elements. Incidents like that of the Villepinte farm have multiplied and are likely to be revived frequently and on a larger scale in the near future if nothing happens in the meantime to modify our political habits and our political scene.

The members of the Leagues were amazed and will be amazed again. That is because they do not realize, among other things, that the Popular Front is not merely a few million citizens in the hands of a few demagogues but a coalition of parties, syndicates and groups, each of which represents a considerable fighting power. As long as domestic peace did

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not seem threatened, none of these forces thought to use this power for any other purpose than to preserve order at its own conventions. But from the day when strapping big fellows of ambiguous intentions began to comb the streets in autos and trucks and to devote themselves to various alarming kinds of drills, those who thought themselves threatened by these developments reacted and reflected. They took stock of themselves and found that on their side there were not only tongues and pens but also arms and fists; and quite naturally they thought of using them.

On the day after the 6th of February, 1934, (when street fighting in Paris was so violent that the Government itself seemed in danger), it was only necessary for the C. G. T., (*Confédération Générale de Travail*—General Federation of Labor), and the local union of syndicates of the Seine to give the sign for a thousand masons and metal workers to place their physical strength at the disposal of the United Front leaders.

In less than no time Socialist and Communist chiefs constituted themselves bodyguards. But that is nothing compared to what has been done since, and what will be done tomorrow. The truth is that the organizations which form the Popular Front possess vast reservoirs of fighting forces and have only to dip into them to find both soldiers and officers. It is sufficient to enumerate these reservoirs to measure their size.

II

The Communist Party, which initiated the Popular Front, appears to consist of only 50,000 workers, who carry a red card and are flanked by a million sympathizers or more. But in fact these 50,000 have not been assembled, after the fashion of the members of other parties, in vague local committees. They constitute small and coherent nuclei (cells and fractions) in many nerve centers of the country: the big factories, railroad junctions, central stations of the telegraph system, arsenals, barracks, etc. Workers' syndicates, peasants' organizations (The General Federation of Peasants and Workers), veterans' organizations, committees of intellectuals and workers, the Red Aid and many other associations are in their hands.

All this permits them to organize shock troops rapidly at the decisive points of the territory, where the workers' organizations have proved responsive to their recruiting: Seine, Seine-et-Oise, Pas-de-Calais, Nord, Alsace-Lorraine, Allier. Less coherent, less militant and less dynamic—in general at any rate,—the Socialists are at the same time more numerous: 110,000 members, 2 million sympathizers. But where the Communists are strongest, the Socialists bring them a supplementary force which is far from negligible. Elsewhere, in Flanders, Haute-Garonne, l'Isère, and the Haute-Vienne, they serve to relieve them and are not indifferent to their exhortations.

To these two workers' parties the Radicals (150,000 members and nearly 2 million voters), the League for the Rights of Man and the Freemasons bring the help of certain provinces where notables, petty bourgeois and 'blue peasants' predominate. And all are ready to get down their automatics at the words: 'The Republic is in danger!'

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And then there is that colossus, so strange and so little known to its adversaries, the new, united General Federation of Labor. It is coming to number more than a million members. Half of the Government employees, the employees of the P. T. T. (postoffice, telegraph, and telephone systems) and the public service and municipal workers have decided to follow its watchword. Doubtless it does not command more than minorities in the metal, building and textile industries. But these minorities are unusually influential, well qualified and active. In case of a serious attempt against the Government, they would without too much trouble bring about stoppages and walkouts. In the railroads and railroad stations more than a third of the personnel belongs to it (150,000 out of a total of 400,000), and the rest would follow, willy-nilly, their lead. The situation with the taxi drivers is similar.

Besides, people too often neglect the fact that the Communist regions, the Socialist federations and, above all, the local autonomous unions and federations of industry of the C. G. T. are perfectly capable—thanks to their customs and their taste for taking the initiative—of taking all useful steps on the spot in case of necessity, even if a *coup d'état* in Paris should cut them off from their central organizations. Finally, let us not forget that, in France, of the 858 cities of 50,000 inhabitants or more, at least 450 are in the hands of Popular Front administrations, and among these the most important, from the strategic point of view, are the cities of the Paris suburbs and the 'greater Paris' region, the great ports (Marseille, Nantes, Saint-Nazaire) and, in general, the big cities of the provinces. Now an important city means trucks, autos, firemen, police-forces, employees, alarm systems—and the administrative authority.

From this last point of view it is not a negligible fact that a good part of the city general councils have Popular Front majorities, are adopting resolutions against the Leagues and are ready, if the regular government in Paris is menaced, to organize efficient resistance in their *département* and set themselves up there as the legal power.

III

What has the Popular Front already drawn from these reservoirs of forces and from these possibilities for auxiliary military action? In this respect many of its members, and notably many Socialists of the Left, reproach it for a certain amount of negligence. According to these advocates of action who disturb at one and the same time the heavy doctrinaires of their party and the Communists, who are informed in detail about the problems of armed insurrection, it will be necessary from now on to set up opposite the shock troops of the Leagues similar organizations of the Left. It will be necessary to combat the 'Fascists' by assimilating their strategy, their tactics and their discipline. It will be necessary to practice their military gymnastics: musterings, expeditions, maneuvers, sudden attacks.

In place of this theory, which they qualify as '*Putschist*' and risky, and which, they figure, is most dangerous at the present moment because of the disappointments which it would hold

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in store for the militant souls, and the reactions which it would stir up in public opinion, the leaders of the Popular Front offer one which they call the 'self-defense of the masses.' It is the abc of revolutionary policy, they explain, not to mix up the coming attack against the bourgeois power with measures of protection against the Leagues. The violent conquest of the State demands the creation of specialized fighting groups. That is for later. The resistance to the Croix de Feu demands the application of wholly different proceedings. For this purpose it can only be a question, at the present moment, of giving the alarm and of organizing the masses of the people whenever it is necessary to mobilize them against a Fascist maneuver or attempt.

Let the 'bruisers' of the cells and the young Communists specially grouped for this purpose; let the young guards and the T. P. P. S. (*toujours prêts pour service*—always ready for service) of the Socialist Party,—its 'availables'—; let the trusted men in the C. G. T.; let the volunteers of all the organizations which belong to the Popular Front be ready to fulfil their rôle of alarmgivers, sentries, organizers and liaison officers—bravo! But let the good Red god prevent them from playing the rôle of soldiers of society. It is not by borrowing from Fascism the techniques which are bound up in its nature, its ideologies and its recruiting that the laboring and democratic forces will conquer it. It is rather on the plane of general policy, by the conquest of the masses and the middle classes, that this will be achieved. For the rest it is indispensable to stick to a strictly defensive organization which cannot be distinguished from the collective opposition of the people themselves.

Such is the present military doctrine of the Popular Front. Now let us see what results it has produced in practice. We shall cite several examples which testify to the variety of the forms which this general theory, inspired rather by political intelligence than by the familiar principles of general staffs, can take as the result of reactions, circumstances and local developments.

In the southwest, in Bayonne, the District Committee of the Popular Front has convoked, at the rate of two delegates per organization, a group of militants representing the Communist, the Socialist and the Radical Parties, the League for the Rights of Man, the C. G. T., the C. G. T. U., etc. These militants had brought to this reunion the list of the members of their various organizations. On these lists they had checked the names of all the men who in their opinion would answer the call to arms in their locality or their quarter, if the Croix de Feu should get the notion of throwing itself into some sort of demonstration.

One night they proceeded to mobilize these future scouts, sentries, liaison agents and group commanders. In a few hours all, even those from the most distant villages, were warned and placed each at his post.

In the Aube they used another method successfully. A committee similar to that in Bayonne launched an appeal that an association of 'volunteers of liberty' be set up in the *département* ready to guarantee every defensive mission or task if the need should arise, and determined to reply at any moment to the summons

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which would be sent them for this purpose. In a very short time, 1,500 citizens were enrolled.

At Lille, where the section of the S.F.I.O. is by far the strongest organization of all those which belong to the Popular Front, and where the Socialists have a firm hold on the city hall, the forces of a counter-attack have been grouped around the municipal government and use its technical resources. An alarm drill, in which a company of scouts and liaison agents was put into action, made it possible to prove that the city, with all of its citizens, could be mobilized in two hours.

IV

It is a simple matter to estimate the auxiliary military power which the Popular Front will be able to command. The regional political organizations on which it relies include more than 50,000 militant members and are the masters of more than a hundred communities. Furthermore, the 100,000 members of both the independent and the confederated unions of the Paris region are ready to support their action. There are, then, at their lowest figure, 200,000 men, several hundred trucks, and several thousand automobiles and taxis ready to lend their aid tomorrow in arousing the people and transporting them if the members of the Leagues should appear in the roads leading to Paris, or if they should attack, even if only half in earnest, a point in the city's outskirts.

This last possibility is worthy of attention. One of the reasons for the success of the Fascist squads in Italy was that they attacked only the local opposition groups. In Italy the 'Reds' never learned how to shift their party members from one community to another and they always fought each part of their struggle separately. Here in France we are witnessing the beginning of concerted action on a vast and decisive sector. Furthermore, this defensive action is linked up with the urban, economic and social considerations. There again the political intelligence of the Popular Front is displayed.

As for the methods of giving the alarm, one must not forget that the cities are provided, thanks to the regulations concerning air defense, with sirens, special bombs and other noise-machines. In the peripheral districts of Paris, and in the communities where the Popular Front does not hold the administrative posts, its local units are already attempting to make up for this. In the twentieth *arrondissement* the committee of the Popular Front, in alliance with the adjacent cities of the outskirts, has made provision for the use of drums, bugles and bombs to rouse the workers if the need arises. The militant members, who at the first explosions, rolls of the drums and ringing of the bells would know what to make of it, would invite all the tenants in their building to go down to the street.

If the application of the defense system of the Popular Front were only pressed forward rapidly enough, the Croix de Feu and the members of the Leagues, if they should go over to the offensive, would run the great risk of finding themselves in the perilous situation of an army of occupation surrounded by a hostile and aroused population. It is this fact that the recent Communist suggestion to set up a militia for the defense of the Republic is calculated to further. Here

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there is something which seems to make the theoretical discussion about the 'self-defense of the masses' and 'specialized self-defense' rather vain, since the Left and the extreme Left seem to be well on the road to acquiring those forms of auxiliary military activity which suit their practical potentialities. Do not many experiences like those at Villepinte and in the Pas-de-Calais show that at the first signal workers, small bourgeois and peasants will hurry on foot, on bicycles and in autos, surround the enemy, block off his route and overwhelm him with their numbers? Besides this, the general strike will isolate the 'Fascists' and would paralyze them rapidly even if they should succeed in seizing power and occupying for a short time certain vital points in Paris and the provinces.

Yet, to say nothing of the big objection, that it all depends on the attitude of the Government, the police and the army, certain members of the Popular Front still criticize these defensive ideas of their leaders. They claim that shock troops, well equipped and well commanded, can always sweep up a larger mass which meets them in a tumultuous throng in spite of small groups of fighters in their ranks.

These critics recall also that the general strike, if it tends to paralyze an enemy, for the moment victorious, runs the risk of paralyzing even more the attack that must be made on that enemy. From the day when the railroads come to a halt, the workers are deprived of means of transportation, while the 'Fascists' own many more trucks than they. In short, they are concerned about the fact that at a time of civil war the Popular Front would lack at the same time a national center of impetus and military command, an information and liaison service, and real armed forces. This is in a more ample form the old objection popping up again. But here again, admitting that not enough has been foreseen in the sequence of ideas, the reply which is given leads us back to political considerations.

V

Wherever Fascism has seized power its success has been due to the indifference of Left Governments and to splits in the ranks of the workers. It is thanks to the circumstance that the middle classes, the peasants, the industrialists, a large part of the moderate political personnel, the police and the army have aided or tolerated it. In France the present situation is wholly different. The occupation of several Ministries in the capital, and of certain nerve centers in the country, would not be sufficient to enable a force which is, after all, only an auxiliary militia, to govern against the will of more than two-thirds of the country. Even if they were overthrown in Paris, the suburbs and in several cities of the provinces, the defense forces of the Popular Front would still be enormous.

One can imagine what it would represent by recalling the programs adopted shortly after the events of February 6, 1934, by the general councils of several *départements*. These programs provided, in case the parliamentary régime were imperiled, some very precise counter-strokes. Seizing legal power constitutionally, each general council would form, under its aegis, a committee to coördinate all

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the forces hostile to a *coup d'état*. This committee would requisition all the means of transportation of the *département* and would take the practical measures necessary to occupy the strategic points of the region: railway stations, junctions and the central offices of the telegraph system. They would place Paris and the cities which had fallen under the hands of the 'Fascists' under an economic blockade. Furthermore, by virtue of its powers, a general council would take over the command of the troops, the gendarmery and the police under its jurisdiction and would issue to them all the orders needed to put down the rebellion. In view of this objective the general councils which would be in a position to do it ought to coördinate their actions.

When we consider that the committees of the Popular Front are increasing in number and will soon be found in all the *départements*, and that wherever they function, steps of the sort that we have enumerated are taken, one cannot underestimate the defensive power that they represent. This defensive power seems singularly increased when one realizes the moral support which the active sympathy of the inhabitants of many of the regions can render it, and the technical support which it would encounter in circles as different as the workers' syndicates, the unions of government employees, the city administrations and the general councils. In many cities the labor exchange, the railway stations, the post offices, the mayor's office, the under-prefecture, the prefecture and perhaps the local gendarmery and the fire department would coöperate against a *coup d'état* from the Right.

In Berlin, in March, 1920, General von Lütwitz, who had driven out the Ebert Government without difficulty, was, like his Chief, Mr. Kapp, obliged to give way quickly before the resistance of the provinces and under the pressure of a general strike which united in a single movement proletarians from the factories, transportation employees and Government functionaries of all ranks. These adversaries did not possess, however, an organization and a will to fight comparable to those which exist with us in the camp of the anti-Fascists.

Tomorrow everything may change, but today the ratio of forces, even the ratio of auxiliary militia, is not as favorable to the leagues as many people think.

The question of the manufacture of arms by the State or by private firms has been obscured by a certain amount of prejudice. . . . The prejudice is the expression of an honorable but perhaps mistaken ideal respecting the sanctity of life and the iniquity of war.

—Sir Herbert Lawrence, chairman of Vickers and Vickers-Armstrong, as reported in the *Times*, London

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Here is an Englishman's summary of the situation in Germany, and an account of life in a Nazi concentration camp.

After Three Years

Two Views of Hitler Germany

I. The Third Reich Today

By A Special Correspondent

From the *Manchester Guardian*, Manchester Liberal Daily

THE National Socialist Revolution is a process of some complexity. As its name indicates, it professes a national *and* a Socialistic revolution—its Socialism cannot be dismissed altogether as mere demagogy meant to hoodwink the 'workers.' But it has a third element—it professes to be anti-capitalist (Socialism and anti-capitalism are not quite the same thing). The Nationalism of the revolution is indubitably real—its Socialism and its anti-capitalism are tendencies rather than immediate, tangible aims.

The principal effort of the revolution has been, and still is, national: namely, to impose a homogeneous national idea upon the whole of the German people and to make that people powerful. Everything else is subordinated to this end. German rearmament in the air will probably be complete in about a year, on land in perhaps two years and on the sea in an indefinite number of years. In two or three years' time Germany ought to be strong enough to make her weight felt in Europe and begin attempting her self-set task of achieving the 'Greater Germany' which could include the Austrians, the Bohemians, the Danzigers, the Memellanders, and others of German 'race' who live just beyond the present German frontiers.

The private capitalist has a very circumscribed existence in Germany. But he is not unhappy. He is able to make profits and he is in favor of rearmament because it gives special opportunities for making big profits. But he dare not, with one exception, defend the 'capitalist system' openly.

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The exception is Dr. Schacht—he even has the courage to stand up to Hitler. Hitler himself is no economist; in fact he rather despises economics. Germany is as full of wild economic dreamers as any other country, only as some of them ride on waves of strong revolutionary mass-emotion, there is always a chance that Hitler might support them. Dr. Schacht's function is to defend the German financial system against revolutionary experiments. He knows that Germany is in a state of acute financial crisis and that any further disorganization of her finances may be disastrous and lead to inflation (among other things). Hitler, like so many Germans who remember the year 1923, lives in dread of inflation, and it is largely on this dread that Dr. Schacht's power is based.

But he is rather isolated. Not only is there a strong demand for economic experiments that would be costly in themselves and even more costly in their consequences—the National Socialists want far more money for rearmament and propaganda than Germany can afford. To be attacked in the German press is a serious matter, for that press has no independence but represents the forces that rule the country. Of late Dr. Schacht has been frequently attacked as a 'capitalist,' which, in Germany, is as much a term of abuse as in Russia (although in Germany there is an alliance—an uneasy one, no doubt, but nevertheless an alliance—between 'big business' and the dictatorship, whereas in Russia 'big business' in the German or Western European sense does not exist).

Hitler has tended to side with Dr. Schacht's opponents while still keeping him in office for practical reasons. Dr. Schacht's position is said to be shaky, but perhaps he is more powerful than is allowed to appear on the surface.

Amid the immense impoverishment of the individual in Germany (chiefly as a result of the expenditure on rearmament and the extreme form of protection known as 'autarchy' or 'self-sufficiency') the German working class has suffered severely, and the real wages of unskilled labor have dropped more heavily than those of skilled.

But real salaries have also dropped. And never has the German middle class been taxed as heavily as it is now. There is nothing in Western Europe at all comparable with the transfer of wealth from the pockets of the German middle class into the national Treasury. And whereas under the Republic there was a great deal of tax evasion, taxes are now enforced by measures so drastic that evasion has become very perilous.

II

National Socialism is, above all, egalitarian. The revolution of 1918 brought the monarchy to an end and deprived the aristocracy of nearly all its power and influence, and so brought the centralized classless State one step nearer (German 'particularism' was always associated with local dynastic interests and loyalties). The National Socialist Revolution is bringing it nearer still: class distinctions count for less in Germany now than they did three years ago, and the limited independence that was still enjoyed by the Federal States has been reduced to almost nothing.

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Although the German working class has suffered more than any other under National Socialism, it is by no means undivided in its hostility to the dictatorship. A good deal of successful demagogy is still practised. The industrial workman is consoled for reductions in his pay by a present of a cigar, a sausage, a glass of beer at Christmas or an excursion in the summer. A tone of easy familiarity and comradeship between employers and employed has been introduced into the factories. The hypnotic influence of skilfully attuned propaganda (in which the German has learnt much from the Russians) continues to operate. Displays, parades, ceremonies bring color into lives of drab monotony (it is surprising what color combined with boastful nationalism can achieve).

But behind all this stagecraft there is a reality, although until now it has remained rather embryonic. The employer who has been—or is believed to have been—unfair to his men may undergo rough treatment at the hands of the Brownshirts. Unemployment is again on the increase and dismissals are numerous in Germany, but for employers to dismiss a workman is perhaps more difficult now than it was under the Republic. Any workman suspected of political heresy can, of course, be dismissed at once without the possibility of redress, but, apart from this, a firm will have to be very near total ruin and will have to prove absolute inability to carry on before it will dare to dismiss workmen. Exact comparisons are difficult, because of the absence of reliable figures (statistical unreliability is common to all dictatorships), but many German workmen who are hostile to National Socialism say that the old trade unions were less successful in averting wholesale dismissals than is the dictatorship, with its legal and extra-legal methods of pressure and palliation.

Many workmen will admit that a great deal of immediate (though perhaps not ultimate) unemployment has been averted at the expense of employers, shareholders, and taxpayers in so far as private firms have been saved from collapse by the intervention of the State and for the express purpose of averting unemployment.

Many employers wish the trade unions were back again. The National Socialist 'Labor Front' is no substitute—it is, in fact, an imposture in so far as it is an instrument not for defending the interests of the workmen but for demagogy, espionage, and intimidation. That the trade unions will come back in their old form is hardly conceivable, but that they were useful is being widely recognized even by National Socialists. Old trade union officials are often employed as advisers in National Socialist organizations that are concerned with labor problems. They are, because of their integrity and technical knowledge, earning considerable respect. It is possible that the 'Labor Front' will be reformed by taking over certain non-political but useful elements that went to the making of the old trade unions. That the old Labor parties—the Social Democratic and the Communist—should reappear seems quite out of the question.

III

One of the hopes based on National Socialism by the older generation of Germans was not merely that it would

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restore German military power, which it is doing with great speed, but that it would also reëstablish the old military caste. It is true that many former officers and N.C.O.'s are again serving and again have authority over other men, but a new generation has been growing up since 1918, and there is nothing that resembles a new or renewed military caste. The egalitarian tendency of National Socialism is pervading the army. The younger officers and N.C.O.'s live in much the same world as the men—this alone makes the new army different from the old.

The new army is unpolitical but is being carefully integrated in the National Socialist State. The chances are that the fusion between the traditional military spirit, which was preserved by the Reichswehr throughout the life of the Weimar Republic, and the National Socialist idea will be carried out successfully.

Conscription is not at all unpopular in Germany, and there can be no doubt of the keenness of the recruits once they are in uniform. The maneuvers held last year in the region round Luneburg revealed an almost fanatical spirit of military devotion and technical keenness amongst both officers and men; these maneuvers were of much greater interest and significance than those that were held under the eyes of foreign observers in Silesia at about the same time. The new German army is what the old was not—a '*Volksheer*,' a 'people's army.' It is, in fact, the 'nation in arms.'

In agriculture the National Socialist State has carried out a whole series of revolutionary reforms. At first sight these reforms seem to be anything but socialistic, for their tendency is to strengthen individual farming, to favor the rural at the expense of the urban population, to encourage ownership and discourage tenancy. But these reforms are also another instance of national planning, and German agriculture as a whole is acquiring the status of a single, controlled national industry. There is nothing like the English boards of producers, but a rigorous control by the State of production, marketing and prices, that amounts to a socialization of the home-grown food supply.

These agrarian reforms are 'anti-capitalist' in so far as the influence of the banks has been curtailed. Farmers have been let off a large part of their indebtedness at the expense of the urban population and of the consumers in general—here, more than anywhere else, has the National Socialist bias against *Zinsknechtschaft* been shown. *Zinsknechtschaft* is a word difficult to translate, but it means, roughly, the dependence of the small borrower on money-lenders and money-lending institutions. Whether the German farmer is any better off under Hitler than he was under the Republic is, in spite of the many favors he has received, extremely doubtful, for he, too, is involved in the general impoverishment which the dictatorship has brought about in Germany. German foreign trade is not in theory but in fact a Government monopoly, and importers have to obtain monthly licences which allow them to import specified amounts in accordance with 'national needs.'

Like the other two modern revolutions, the Bolshevist and the Fascist, the National Socialist Revolution, which has much in common with

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both, aims at the conquest not merely of the present but of the future and is resolved to secure the unquestioning allegiance of the younger generation. This is the essential purpose of the 'Hitler Youth,' which has many striking resemblances with the Russian 'Comsomols' and the Italian 'Balilla' and 'Avanguardia.'

The Hitler Youth has a membership of about 6,000,000 boys and girls. Nowhere is the egalitarian character of National Socialism more marked than amongst these young people who are being trained in conscious antagonism to the old order. They are anti-capitalist, sometimes with a marked Communist tendency, and anti-religious—they have something in common with the Russian 'anti-God' movement; they are deeply hostile to all class distinctions, they are contemptuous of royalty, they are rebellious under parental discipline—the German family is menaced with disruption—and they are fervently militaristic and patriotic and, of course, anti-Semitic.

Those of their members who are destitute or unemployed receive a good deal of help. They get special facilities—which are gradually being organized on a national scale—for free training and apprenticeship, and a certain pressure is brought to bear on employers to keep or make jobs free for the poorer members of the Hitler Youth.

IV

There has always been a good deal of Communist feeling in Germany, and it has expressed itself in paradoxical and romantic forms. Most of it has been absorbed by National Socialism. The German Communist party not only helped to promote National Socialism negatively by its unremitting attacks on the Weimar Republic but also positively by preparing the minds of the poorer, more primitive and, especially, younger workmen for the National Socialist idea—it is no accident that those districts of Germany which were most strongly Communist once are now most strongly National Socialist.

The price paid for rearmament, propaganda, planning and revolutionary reforms, not to speak of corruption, mismanagement and nepotism is not expressed in terms of widespread poverty alone. It is also expressed in the sacrifice of much of what is usually called civilization. Liberty has ceased to exist in Germany. The persecution of the Jews grows steadily worse, and the standards of justice, at one time as high as any in Europe, are now the lowest. Russian justice is probably worse even than German in its treatment of political offenders, but it is far superior to German justice in its treatment of the ordinary non-political offender.

The *élite* of German skilled workmen are men of intelligence and humanity, and to them the National Socialist dictatorship is an object of deepest hatred and contempt. The National Socialist leaders, except Hitler—and even he is not as immune from criticism as he was,—are regarded with widespread loathing, and not merely amongst the working class. There is in Germany today a vast multitude belonging to all classes that has only one wish—namely, to get rid of the National Socialists. There is a French epigram that is often quoted with approval in Ger-

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many nowadays—namely, that the National Socialist 'revolution is '*la victoire des Boches sur les Allemands.*' One of the most striking phenomena in Germany today is the number of Germans who feel ashamed of their country. Again and again one hears intelligent and objective Germans, and not émigrés only, say that it, the régime, cannot last, for the mismanagement is too great, the rottenness beyond repair.

But the fact remains that a new social and political, though perhaps not economic, order is being created in Germany and that National Socialism is not meeting with effective opposition anywhere. Discontent and disillusionment are so widespread that it is sometimes difficult to discover a National Socialist amongst the older generation. But fear of chaos as an alternative to National Socialism—a fear that may be quite unjustified; fear of dividing, and therefore weakening, Germany at a time when she is at last recovering her place amongst the Great Powers; fear of arrest, torture, death, prison, concentration camp, unemployment and destitution deter all but an insignificant minority from active 'opposition.' Discontent and disillusionment remain passive and negative—so far, at least, all that is dynamic and positive in Germany has followed the sign of the Swastika.

II. German Concentration Camps

By Heinz Pol

Translated from the *Neue Weltbühne*, Prague German-Emigré Weekly

THE German Emigrant Aid Association in Prague has questioned refugees who have only recently left Germany on their experiences in German concentration camps. The available statements are so ghastly that it is almost impossible to repeat them. They prove that even after three years of Nazi Government torture is still being employed. All statements about 'individual excesses, long since remedied,' are lies: nothing has changed. Twenty-one-year-old Helmuth Kademan, who last November succeeded in escaping to Prague, tells the following story:—

'In March, 1933, we came to the concentration camp called Burg Hohenstein, in Saxony. As soon as we entered the reception room we were tortured. For this purpose the commander of the camp, Jähningen, and two storm-troopers, brothers by the name of Meier from Dresden, used a dog-whip to the end of which a lead pellet was attached. After I had been beaten into unconsciousness, I was taken into the courtyard and water was poured over me. Then my hair was cut off with a pair of hedge-clippers and a knife. I was forced to count the hairs and arrange them in bundles of thirteen each. This took all night.

'The next morning we were driven to work, and all day long we were forced to push wheelbarrows, filled with stones, to the shipping camp. We had to do this on the double-quick. There was no lunch the first three days. During one of the next nights we were taken to a hearing. To force us to

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testify, our lips were burnt with red-hot wire, the soles of our feet were slashed, and pepper and salt were put into the wounds. Then I was laid into a sort of wooden coffin in which I was unable to move. In the cover over my head was a hole through which, at regular intervals, water dripped on my forehead. Some people who went through this procedure became violent.

'A few days later I was examined again, this time by *Sturmführer* Friedrich, of Pirna. During this procedure a storm-trooper thrust the butt of his rifle into my spine so that I fell. To force me to get up, they trampled upon me, and one of my kidneys was injured.

'I then was put in a hospital, where they shackled my feet in bed, although I was in a plaster cast. After nine months in the hospital I was returned to the concentration camp, only to be immediately tortured again. New methods had been invented in the meantime. Kidneys were no longer injured by trampling: beatings now were administered with sandbags, which had the same effects but left no visible marks.

'On April 30, 1934, some prisoners had escaped from the camp. Punitive drill was immediately ordered for all. It lasted from five o'clock in the evening to five o'clock in the afternoon. I had to make genuflections. A bayonet was stuck into the ground behind me. They pushed my shoulders down so that I had to sit on the steel. The injuries I suffered became infected, and I had to be taken to the hospital in Pirna.

'At the drilling there was a man next to me whose name unfortunately I don't know. He was to give some important testimony. He was terribly tortured: his tongue was half torn out. He died and was buried on May 10, at the old cemetery under the castle.

II

'On July 2, 1934, I was discharged from the hospital and allowed to go home. At home I had to register at the police station three times a day and was not allowed to go out from nine o'clock in the evening to seven o'clock in the morning. On January 2, 1935, I was without any reason taken into protective custody. First I was taken to the city prison, and from there, in February, I was sent to the concentration camp at Sachsenburg. The chiefs of the camp were *Standartenführer* Schmidt and *Sturmbannführer* Rödel, both from Bavaria. On my arrival I was told that I would receive fifty lashes, as it was the second time I was in protective custody. I was put on a frame, with my head and legs hanging down, my hands and knees strapped. Ten storm-troopers hit me five times each with canes that had previously been soaked in water. Before I got on this frame I was forced to sing the song "*Steig' ich den Berg hinauf, das macht mir Freude.*" [When I climb the mountain, what joy it is for me!] Later on, as I could no longer walk, I was carried into the dungeon. There we received only one pot of water a day and one slice of bread; dinner was given out but every fourth day. I was there for twenty-one days.

'There were about one hundred Jews in the camp. They were used for the hardest work, especially breaking stone. Among the Jews was a lawyer by the name of Jacobi from Leipzig, and another lawyer named Troplowitz

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from Eisenach. One day a certain Sachs was committed. He was supposed to have been at one time the editor of the *Dresdener Volkszeitung*. Sachs was tortured to death within nine days after his admission. They trampled upon him until his inner organs had been destroyed. Naturally we were forbidden to speak about the case. Another prisoner, Paul Schraps, tried to cut his throat after he had been tortured for several days. The hospital physician was called and deigned to come four hours later. Schraps had died in the meantime.

'In the summer and fall of 1935 the number of new prisoners increased. They had been arrested for the most trivial incidents. One, for instance, had exclaimed that formerly one could at least have margarine on one's bread, but today one ate it dry. He was especially maltreated and kept in the dungeon for weeks.

'At the beginning of November, 1935, there were in Sachsenburg 300 criminals, 400 followers of the so-called "Bible-Scholars," and 627 political prisoners—a total of 1,327 men. For these 1,327 prisoners, who slept in three-story bunks, there were four toilets and twenty-eight water-faucets. It took a full twenty-four hours for everyone to be served: the first one would start at five o'clock one morning and the last one the next morning. If somebody in the camp falls seriously ill, he dies, for the so-called camp physician does not raise a finger for the prisoners. There are practically no medical supplies at all in the prison zone, not even adhesive tape or bandages. Until November the rooms and dormitories were not heated; it was said that the puddles outside had to freeze first. The food was bad and far too scarce: coffee and three pieces of bread and jam in the morning; for lunch a pot with something warm that always smelled sour and usually was almost inedible; in the evening bread with a piece of cheese and a slice of sausage twice a week, soup on the other evenings.

'The camp of Sachsenburg is situated in the valley at the river Zschoppau. Years ago it was a spinning mill. It is surrounded by a barbed wire fence eight feet high which is charged during the night.'

Another refugee who was in Dachau confirms that there, too, nothing has changed. He was beaten and had his head pushed into the sewer so often that he got an eye disease. Finally he was taken to the eye clinic to be examined. It was found that his right eye was lost and the left one seriously affected. He was quickly dismissed. His eye was operated upon and then they wanted to arrest him again. He fled to Prague and is here under constant hospital care, as his disease is becoming daily worse.

These latest victims of concentration camps and penitentiaries, most of them living wrecks, have recorded everything they have suffered and seen, including the names of their tormentors and officials. Here, indeed, is enough material to justify sending an impartial, neutral investigating committee to the German concentration camps.

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One of young Italy's best known poets and novelists writes a short story.

Signora Eulalia

By Aldo Palazzeschi

Translated from the *Nouvelles Littéraires* Paris Literary Weekly

I USED to go there with Grandmother. The poor old lady would puff and wheeze as she climbed the stairs, which were terribly steep. She used to rest on all three landings, and I would have the feeling that we were not making any progress at all. She used to keep one eye on me to see that I did not hang over the banister. It seemed as if we would never arrive at the fourth floor. In the middle of the journey, we would sit down on two little benches inserted for the purpose in the two corners of the landing. I used to love sitting down like that on the stairway without being tired.

Signora Eulalia received guests in her dining room, which was gloomy and full of china closets crammed with silver plate, glass ware and crockery—crowded together any old way and yet looking comfortable because it had all been there so long. On the walls there were decorative plates and pictures of women representing the Four Seasons.

You would always find two people there—one was Signora Septima, an old woman with a gray face lined and chapped like a dried chestnut. She wore a long saffron-colored redingote and a little black bonnet decorated with artificial red flowers, badly made and all faded. She had a way of speaking which was very emphatic but at the same time full of Malapropisms: she would say *muntions* instead of *munitions* and *vices virtues* instead of *vice versa*.

Signora Freund was a fifty-year-old German woman, blonde, obese, pink, greasy and white-eyed. She usually wore a hat with a black cotton veil which was stiff with dust and covered with tarnished spangles. Her dresses were dirty and worn out, and her shoes were like a soldier's. She spoke fluently, but she would say 'toctor' and 'paby.'

Signora Eulalia was small, thin and nervous: she darted from the chair to the window like a fish leaping out of the water. You would take her for a faded young girl rather than a sixty-year-old woman. We would make our entrance and she would just barely greet my grandmother. As for me, she

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wouldn't honor me by so much as a look. If she happened to glance at me, her eyes seemed to ask: What is he doing here? What is his business here? Signora Freund never saw me, either. The most that I could hope for from this visit was a pinch of snuff, which Signora Septima would give me.

Sometimes Signora Eulalia gave you the impression of a general conducting from downstairs a battle that was going on over the roofs. Sometimes she made you feel as if a very delicate surgical operation were being performed in the next room, or they were waiting for a verdict, or holding a séance—at any rate, something very serious and unusual. With her sudden appearances, shadow-like, on the threshold, Nicoletta, the servant, used to succeed in charging the atmosphere still further. 'Is everything all right?' the two women seemed to ask each other silently. 'Is everything all right?' But it was understood that nothing was all right.

On an armchair a cat used to sleep placidly. This was Angel-Face. With his pretty black and white spots he looked like a little Dominican, but with Harlequin's face. The ladies would look at him as one would a child in a house where someone is suffering and dying.

'Has he eaten his chicken-liver?'

The servant would nod.

'And his caviar?'

'The caviar, too.'

As soon as it struck seven, the mistress of the house would close the window, and Signora Septima and Signora Freund, having collected all the appurtenances of their disorderly personalities, would leave, obviously not of their own free will but like women who have a fixed schedule and have to proceed on it. My grandmother, on the contrary, used to settle herself more firmly in her chair as, with a superior air, she said good-bye to the two visitors, who would look at her askance as they went. Signora Eulalia didn't use to seem pleased to see her stay either: far from it.

It was then that her son Amato, who was a cashier in the savings bank and a member of the Legion of Honor, used to come home. The other visitors would by that time be far away. But Grandmother used to wait serenely for him, and the two would exchange a cordial greeting, full of affection and understanding:—

'Signor Amato . . .'

'How delightful to see you.'

'Now, really, really . . .'

'It's sweet of you to have come. Thank you so much. Come again soon.'

II

Like many heroines of her time, Signora Eulalia had had her great tragic love. But not for a being of her own kind, as one would immediately think. Her frantic, unrestrained passion was—cats. During the lifetime of her husband, an honest well-to-do merchant, she had adopted a solitary tabby and had ended by having no fewer than six cats in the house. But after his death, when she lived alone with her son and wanted to increase the number indefinitely, there were serious disagreements. Nothing less than summoning a policeman sufficed to put an end to them. After that it was understood that Signora Eulalia would have the right to keep only one male cat, and that her son would respect that right. Just one cat! It is easy to imagine what the effect of such

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a verdict would be upon a woman who was consumed by love for the whole species. It was like offering a toothpick to a starving man.

When they had reached this point, the son had the idea that a pleasant journey might calm his mother and help her forget her loss. She fell in with his scheme, and they agreed on a trip to Rome and Naples.

A deplorable idea! After two weeks of torture the miserable man returned home livid with rage. In Rome Signora Eulalia had plunged into the Forums and the baths, the substructures of the Palatine and the Colosseum. And among these glorious remains of the 'just and pious Empire,' as Dante calls it, she had been able to find another empire, a living one, a very living one indeed. With her 'Minnie' and her 'Pompom,' her 'Blackie,' and her 'Rufus,' her 'Hypocrite,' and her 'Grimalkin,' it was impossible to keep track of her among the columns, the arches, capitals, pilasters, and broken steps. In the middle of the Café Aragno her son had been on the point of leaving her because her behavior on discovering a cat on the pie counter had brought a crowd around her. In front of the gates of St. Peter's an enormous striped tom-cat had really seemed to be waiting for her. She had begun to shout that that must be His Holiness's cat; and that she would love to have an audience with the Pope and talk to him about cats, which he must surely love.

At Naples, where she was abetted by the natural amiability and exuberance of the population, things were even worse: from shop to shop, from courtyard to courtyard, in the concierges' booths . . . Nothing could save them: not the royal palaces, nor the basilicas, nor the beaches, nor Vesuvius itself. Nothing!

When they were back home again, she would answer her son's indignant protests with:

'But what else did you expect me to do there, idiot?'

III

As for Signora Septima, she was, as the occasion demanded, the echo, the chorus or the mourner; Signora Freund was the active friend and accomplice. She had spent a fortune on cats. Then she had married an old paralytic, and, having become rich after six years of self-denial, she had had as many as eighty cats. Now that she had relapsed into poverty, she used to spend her last pennies on them. The attic where she lived was a hotel and a hospital: cats would come there to sleep, to eat, to convalesce, and to lie-in. She and Signora Eulalia used to understand each other perfectly; you would see them laughing together as if they were drunk with joy; or consoling each other in their afflictions; or using signs, bizarre names and all kinds of infernal stratagems. They would stand in front of a window with their arms around each other's waist, awaiting feline visitors or the return of Angel-Face, whom they used to send on mysterious expeditions from time to time. Signora Septima would beam with a beatific smile.

Nicoletta used to perform the duties of a traveling salesman. Every morning at seven o'clock she would set forth to the butcher's with a great basket on each arm. The butcher would have almost two hundred small packages ready for her, and with these she would start on her rounds:

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the cloisters of Santa Maria Novella, the Azeglio Square, the Castle of San Gallo and its gardens. Her mission was to visit all the haunts of stray cats, of cats who had been abandoned, of cats in quest of adventure, of the fugitives, the rebels, of the lame, the halt, and the blind. At noon she would come back and report.

Twice a week Signora Eulalia would accompany her. She would dress in haste, finishing on her way downstairs, and the neighbors would see her setting out with Nicoletta, her bonnet, with its ragged feather, sitting crookedly on her head, a veil full of holes drawn over her face and tied in a bow which dangled on the back of her neck, her skirt awry—a real witch! Like Nicoletta, she would carry two market-baskets, one in each hand—the first full of dainties, the other of medicines, gauze bandages, ointments, and pills. As soon as she appeared, the cats would come running to her from all sides, crying 'Miaow, miaow,' crowding round her impatiently, and clambering up her skirts. Children would come running, too; even grown-ups. At that time everybody used to know her; it was a pleasure. 'Come and see! It's the cat-mother! Come quick! Run! The cat-mother is here!'

'She *is* the "cat-mother,"' her son, who was divided between hatred and affection, used to reflect sadly. 'She isn't my mother at all!' He was growing more and more misanthropic every day, and, except in his office, where he was liked and respected, he used to feel ill at ease everywhere. Everybody would avoid his house now that it had become the meeting-place and the haunt of lunatics, of silly, intriguing and unscrupulous women. Grandmother was the only sane and disinterested person who still climbed the stairs to see him from time to time. She used to do that for him because she had known him as a child. Her visits used to touch him: when he greeted my grandmother he would almost feel like crying. He used to detest Signora Septima because she was an idiot, and the German because she was treacherous: it was by her connivance that the cats used to come and go in open defiance of the rules: in baskets, in boxes, in muffs, from the roofs—a regular troupe!

He used to be well aware of what was going on, but he would pretend not to see or know anything. When he came across the usurpers, he would look at them angrily. As soon as he got home he would throw open the windows to blow out their smell. He used to detest Nicoletta, the blind agent of all this madness. He used to detest the cynical Angel-Face, who would feast before his very eyes on the breast of chicken and chicken-liver, choice bits of fish and caviar.

Sometimes he used to dream: he would be happy; his mother, smartly dressed, would be sitting beside him in a well-kept house, full of respectable people; or in some fashionable place: a theater, a concert hall, a café. Instead of that, what was his mother? Their money went for liver and lights, and the old woman prowled in the public gardens and the moats of the Fortress, the by-word of the whole city and the laughing stock of passers-by. If it had only been dogs! Then he might at least have shared her passion. But cats—oh, horrors! Those hateful animals, self-centered, cruel, egotistical, hideous, wicked, monstrous!

Even when one's heart is devoured by a great flame, one still must die,

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alas! There came a day when the Lord took to himself the cat-mother. Unable to totter through the cloisters and the gardens, too weak even to watch the roofs, she lay for three days stretched out on her bed, mute, unaffected by any medicines, her eyes fixed on high, where she seemed to see incredibly beautiful visions: sleek, silky pelts on which one's hands linger in interminable soft caresses, captivating movements of harmonious grace, the inexpressible brilliance of red, yellow and green jewels against a dazzling blue sky. Her eyes seemed to close on this splendor, her drooping head to seal the dream on her pillow.

Her son refused to allow Angel-Face to follow the funeral procession. All the sophisms of Signora Freund, all the cries and imprecations of Signora Septima, all the prayers and tears of Nicoletta were in vain. His office superiors and colleagues were to come, five gentlemen of many medals. And several friends whom he had not seen for a long time proposed to attend the ceremony. He would tolerate his mother's friends—but unwillingly.

That evening it was not to human beings that the bells cried 'Weep!'

The little coffin was standing in the middle of the illuminated church, hidden by flowers, surrounded by friends, relations and curious spectators. On each side the priests were intoning the words of their psalms. At the foot of the bier, the son, his head bowed, was forcing out a few tears, which seemed to him larger than his eyes. The dead woman lying there was his mother. A miserable woman, a poor wretch, yes! but still she was nobody else's mother but his. The prayers stopped. During a solemn, chilly silence, a priest left his place and went around the bier, swinging the holy water sprinkler before him. The son bowed his head; tears, refreshing tears, fell from his eyes.

'Miaow!'

It was like a wail. The son started up. Other people looked around. It could only be an hallucination. A cat in church? Where? In his mother's coffin? Impossible. He had taken charge of laying her out himself. Surely it must be his imagination. But his eyes met those of Signora Freund, who was standing behind him and staring at his back with an evil, insolent, provocative air. Then another 'Miaow,' sharp and clear, was heard. Yes, it was she. She had a little cat who was crying in the pocket of her coat. She let him see it.

A slight rustle passed through the church, and the white handkerchiefs that suddenly appeared were not all meant to dry tears.

When he returned home, broken, desperate, crushed, to throw himself down on his bed, what was the first thing he saw? Angel-Face, installed in his chair and washing his face by rubbing it with his paws. He grabbed him, opened the window, and, raising his eyes heavenwards, dropped the cat like a bomb into the street. Then he looked out to see the mess. But the cat, twisting himself around, had fallen in the best possible way, without injuring himself in the slightest. That rubber animal, already on his feet, was strolling away without so much as one backward glance. Was he going to announce to all his kind that their mother was dead?

Not at all! He was simply going calmly about his own affairs.

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Persons and Personages

Rudyard Kipling

By Rebecca West

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

THE chief tragedy of Rudyard Kipling's life was summed up in two of the tributes published in the newspapers the morning after his death. Major General Dunsterville, the original of Stalky, boasted: 'In threescore years and ten no man's outlook on life could have changed less than that of Rudyard Kipling.' Sir Ian Hamilton wrote precisely and powerfully: 'As one who must surely be about Kipling's oldest friend, I express my deep sorrow. His death seems to me to place a full stop to the period when war was a romance and the expansion of the Empire a duty.' Those two sentences indicate the theme of that tremendous and futile drama in which a man, loving everything in life but reality, spent his days loathing intellectuals as soft and craven theorists, and yet himself never had the courage to face a single fact that disproved the fairy-tales he had invented about the world in youth; and who, nevertheless, was so courageous in defending this uncourageous position that he had to be respected as one respects a fighting bull making its last stand. That drama explains why the public regards Rudyard Kipling as one of the most interesting men of our time. He stands among those Laocoön figures who in pride and strength are treading the road to the highest honors, when they are assailed by passions which seem not to be a part of the victims' individualities but to have crawled out of the dark uncharted sea of our common humanity. Such men are judged not by their achievements in action or the arts but by the intensity of the conflict between them and their assailants. Such judgment had to recognize Rudyard Kipling as a memorable man.

That, in part, explains his fame on the Continent. His warmest admirers would have to admit that that is extravagantly inflated. A short time ago I was present when one of the greatest figures in European literature explained to our most subtle living novelist that it could only be political prejudice which prevented him from recognizing *Soldiers Three* and *They* as permanent glories of English literature, very near its apex. 'You think them very much better than anything Shaw and Wells have written?' 'Oh, much!' 'Better than anything Dickens and Thackeray have written?' 'Of course! Much better than anything else in your modern English literature—except Oscar Wilde and Lord Byron!' The

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just cataloguing of Rudyard Kipling with two other Laocoön figures suggests that an imperfect knowledge of a language may permit a reader to see the main pattern of a fabric, which a reader of great linguistic accomplishment might lose because of absorption in fine verbal touches. But it does not explain the curious progress of his fame in this country. That followed a course hard to explain to a post-War generation.

THOSE of us who were born in the first half of the nineties remember a childhood shadowed by certain historical facts: the gathering trouble in South Africa, the Home Rule question, the Dreyfus Case, the Diamond Jubilee, and the fame of Mr. Kipling. These were of not easily differentiated importance; and it must be remembered that Kipling was not thirty-five till the turn of the century. He enjoyed the celebrity and rewards of Mr. Noel Coward and Mr. Priestley put together, at less than Mr. Noel Coward's present age, with something of the more than merely political, almost priestly, aureole of Mr. Baldwin. He had laid the foundation of this fame principally with his volumes of short stories, *Plain Tales from the Hills*, *Soldiers Three* and *Life's Handicap*, his novel, *The Light That Failed*, and his volumes of poetry, *Barrack-room Ballads* and *The Seven Seas*.

IT WILL seem to anyone who now takes up these volumes for the first time, or can read them in a state of detachment, that their fame was not deserved. Those books are the work of a preternaturally clever boy in his early twenties, of odd and exciting but limited experience, and they are just as good as could be expected, and just as bad. *Plain Tales from the Hills* are just the stories a young writer of parts will write when he is mastering the bare elements of the story-teller's craft; when he is teaching himself to get down on paper the crude sequence of events, the mere mechanical movements of people in and out of rooms and up and down stairs. *Soldiers Three*, for all they have stamped the imagination of a people, are anecdotes, told with too much gusto and too little invention. *Life's Handicap* are better stories, for in them Kipling has perfected the art of hooking a reader's attention as neatly as an accomplished salmon-fisher casting a fly. I cannot believe that a young officer and his Hindu mistress would converse so exclusively in the manner of conscientious members of the Chelsea Babies' Club as is represented in *Without Benefit of Clergy*, but I shall not forget that story till I die. As for *The Light That Failed*, it is a neat, bright, tightly painted canvas, but it falls far short of deserving to cause a sensation. Dick Heldar is a boy's idea of an artist and a man; Maisie is a boy's idea of a woman; Bessie Broke is a boy's idea of a drab; Torp is a boy's idea of an adventurer. The verse is naturally better. Poetic genius makes a qualitative demand on experience;

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fiction makes a quantitative test as well. And indeed all his life long Kipling was a better poet than he was a prose-writer, though an unequal one. In his verse he was a fusion of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Adelaide Proctor, Alfred Noyes, George R. Sims (*Gunga Din* is as bad as that), with a militarist A. P. Herbert, one of the grander Scottish hymnal-writers and a pure and perfect lyrist, who could distil a day of alien weather in a verse as bright and clear as a dewdrop. But it must be doubted whether an age that recited *Gunga Din* and *The Absent-minded Beggar* at the top of its voice was really swayed by admiration for that shy and delicate lyrist in its estimate of Kipling's genius.

Yet there was nothing at all fortuitous about Kipling's success. It could not be called a fluke. To begin with, his work then and all through his life had the curious property of seeming better than it disclosed itself after a few years. Some of his work was gold; and the rest was faery gold. Moreover, it had rare qualities which made it superbly relevant to its time. The first two were the emphasis on color in his style, and the vast geographical scope of his subject matter, which made his work just the nourishment the English-speaking world required in the period surrounding the Jubilee and the Diamond Jubilee. I do not find that the post-War generation realizes what marvelous shows these were, or how they enfranchised the taste for gorgeousness in a population that wore dark clothes, partly from a morbid conception of decorum and partly because cleaning was so expensive, and lived in drab and smoky times.

OF THE Jubilee I cannot speak; but of the Diamond Jubilee I have enchanting memories of such feasts for the eye as I do not think I knew again until the Russian Ballet came to dip the textiles of Western Europe in bright dyes. London was full of dark men from the ends of the earth who wore glorious colors and carried strange weapons, and who were all fond of small children and smiled at them in the streets. I remember still with a pang of ecstasy the gleaming teeth of a tall bearded warrior wearing a high headdress, gold earrings and necklaces, a richly multi-colored uniform and embroidered soft leather boots. There were also the Indian troops in Bushey Park, their officers exquisitely brown and still and coiffed with delicately bright turbans, the men washing their clothes at some stretch of water, small and precise and beautiful. They came from remote places and spoke unknown tongues. They belonged to an infinite number of varied races. They were amiable, they belonged to our Empire, we had helped them to become amiable by conquering them and civilizing them. It was an intoxicating thought; and it was mirrored in the work of Rudyard Kipling and nowhere else, for nobody could match his gift of reflecting visual impressions in his prose, and he alone among professional writers had traveled widely and had the trick of condensing

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his travels into evocative runes which are almost as much magic as poetry. Hence he could restore confidence to a population that had slowly lost touch with their traditional assurances throughout the nineteenth century and give them a new sense of religious destiny. Since they were subjects of the British Empire, they were members of a vast redemptory force.

And, indeed, that belief produced some not at all poisonous fruits. One night, when I was some years older, my mother returned from an expedition to town, and with flashing eyes described how she had come on a vast crowd standing round a hotel and raising cheer after cheer. Presently there appeared at the lighted window the stiff head and beard of Botha, woodenly bowing acknowledgments. The crowd had gathered to cheer the South African Generals, come to London to settle the peace, not (as one of the post-War generation startled me by assuming the other day on hearing this anecdote) because they were pro-Boer, but because they were full of the spirit of *parcere subjectis*. Uglier things have happened in history.

THE third quality which made Kipling the presiding genius of his time was his passion for machinery. He assured the slaves of a mechanized world that what they tended were civilizing forces; that the task of tending them was a discipline and high achievement and that the humblest who performed that task worthily could hold up his head among kings. Again, he brought a sense of religious destiny back into a disorganized world. He was able, in fact, to render an immense service to his age, and it is no wonder that in his later years, when it became apparent that that age had passed forever, he refused to recognize the change, and raised a disgruntled pretense that nothing was happening save an outburst of misconduct on the part of the intellectuals and the lower classes. It is no wonder that he should want to do so, human nature being as frail as it is; but it is surprising that the writer of the masterpiece *Kim* should have found himself able to do so.

It was partly the consequence of a real incapacity for handling general ideas and grasping the structure of the world in which he lived. He was full of contempt for Pagett, M.P., the radical English politician who came out to India for a few months and then laid down the law to administrators who had known the country for a lifetime. But Sir Edmund Gosse, that wavering convert to the conventional, who could never be trusted not to lapse into dangerous penetration and sincerity, once pointed out that whenever Kipling wrote about England or any place but India he was simply a Pagett M.P. turned inside out. This was partly due to his Indian childhood, but it must also be laid to the charge of the kind of education which England provides for its governing

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classes. It is interesting to turn back to his very early travel book, *From Sea to Sea*, if only to see how carefully he hammered out that descriptive style which has had even more influence in France than here, since it is the foundation of the best in *le grand reportage;* but it is interesting also as an indication of just how well Stalky & Co. were taught.

It begins with a chapter of jeers at a wretched young man from Manchester on a trip through India, who had bought some silly sham antiques and failed to understand the working of some wells on the plains. But in the later chapters Kipling himself travels through the Western States, only fifty years after the forty-niners, with not the faintest appreciation of what the settlement of the country meant. He gets off the train at Salt Lake City and has no word of reverence for that miracle of statesmanship which set a noble city and a stable State on a trackless and waterless desert. Merely he complains that the *Book of Mormon* is illiterate, that the Tabernacle is not pretty and that polygamy is shocking. Could any young man from Manchester do worse? Surely the United Services College should have taught him better than that.

BUT the same wonder regarding the value of our English system of education arises when we look round at Kipling's admirers among the rich and great. He was their literary fetish; they treated him as the classic writer of our time; as an oracle of wisdom; as Shakespeare touched with grace and elevated to a kind of mezzanine rank just below the Archbishop of Canterbury. But he was nothing of the sort. He interpreted the mind of an age. He was a sweet singer to the last. He could bring home the colors and savors of many distant places. He liked the workmanship of many kinds of workers and could love them as long as they kept their noses to their work. He honored courage and steadfastness as they must be honored. But he was not a faultless writer. His style was marred by a recurrent liability to a kind of twofold vulgarity, a rolling over-emphasis on the more obviously picturesque elements of a situation, whether material or spiritual, and an immediate betrayal of the satisfaction felt in making that emphasis. It is not a vice that is peculiar to him—perhaps the supreme example of it is Mr. Chesterton's *Lepanto*—but he committed it often and grossly.

Furthermore, his fiction and his verse were tainted by a moral fault which one recognizes most painfully when one sees it copied in French books which are written under his influence, such as M. de St. Exupéry's *Vol de Nuit*, with its strong, silent, self-gratulatory airmen, since the French are usually an honest people. He habitually claimed that any member of the governing classes who does his work adequately was to be regarded as a martyr who sacrificed himself for the sake of the people; whereas an administrator who fulfils his duties creditably does it for ex-

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actly the same reason that a musician gives a masterly performance on his fiddle or a house-painter gives a wall a good coat of varnish: because it is his job and he enjoys doing things well.

But the worst of all was the mood of black exasperation in which Kipling thought and wrote during his later years. He had before him a people who had passed the test he had named in his youth—the test of war; and they had passed it with a courage that transcended anything he can have expected as far as war transcended in awfulness anything he can have expected. Yet they had only to stretch out a hand towards bread or peace or power or any of the goods that none could grudge them in this hour when all their governors' plans had broken down, for Kipling to break out in ravings against the greed and impudence of the age. Was this a tragedy to deplore or a pattern to copy?

But perhaps the rich and great admired Kipling for retiring into rage and shutting his eyes against his times because they were obscurely conscious of the dilemma that must have faced him had he left them open. Supposing that one has pledged one's imagination before the War to the ideal of a great Power which would ruthlessly spread its pattern of civilization over all conquerable lands so far as it could reach, without tenderness for its executives or the conquered peoples; which would count the slaves of the machines as the equal of kings, provided they performed their tasks with competence, and far superior to the intellectuals who are infatuated with the notion of freedom; which asked of its children discipline and discipline and then discipline and stood proudly to meet the force of the world with force—what power would claim one's allegiance after the War, every year more surely? It has often seemed fantastic that the author of *MacAndrew's Hymn* should have feared and loathed the airplane. Perhaps he felt that, had he given his passion for machinery its head, that and the rest of his creed might have led him straight to Dnieprostroi.

. . . Long Live the King

By Philip Guedalla

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

IT is not easy for a young man to be King of England.

Even if he is not quite so young as he appears to be, the fact is slow to penetrate; and nothing will prevent men of half his experience from viewing him with the indulgent eyes of age. True, their travels may not have taken them further than a few Continental health-resorts, and their conversation rarely moves beyond the groove of their profession,

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whilst he is equally accustomed to ships at sea, railway-trains in Africa and airplanes above the Andes, and has listened in his time to almost every kind of specialist-talking shop. But there is nothing to prevent his elders from feeling comfortably certain that they must know more about it all because they happen to be older.

Yet if experience is to count for anything, it is not easy to say just how many years of average experience have been crowded into that short lifetime. Men of twice his age are lucky if they have seen half as much. The years slide past them, and they will reach the honorable end of their professional careers without touching life at more than a quarter of the points where he has made contact with it. His life has been a swift training in the elements of commerce, several professions, war and diplomacy, with illustrations on the spot from men who know their business well enough to be at the head of it. An education of that order is a fair substitute for graying hair. For it ages a man rapidly, and he can hardly help being a trifle older than his years. So possibly the King of England is not quite so young as he may seem to all his subjects.

But it is not easy for a man of any age to be the King of England in 1936. Even if England were all that he has to be king of, it would be anything but easy. For modern England is a bewildering affair, a shifting complex of politics, economics, public services and private enterprise, consisting in unequal parts of agriculture, trade returns, sport, unemployment, national defense and the West End of London; and a true king must make himself at home in all of them. The old simplicities have vanished. The happy days when a mild interest in good works and a moderate familiarity with the armed forces of the Crown sufficed for royalty are more than half a century away. It was so easy to be charming when life held little more than a few guards of honor to inspect and a few wards in hospitals to walk through.

But modern royalty has far more than that to think of—the heavy industries, afforestation, shipyards, the stricken coalfields, salesmanship, the grind of poverty, the good name of Britain in foreign countries, welfare work, the cost of living and a whole sea of problems that are more generally to be found on the agenda of board meetings than in the thinner air of courts and camps. (One sees King Edward somewhere in the picture in almost all of them.) Contemporary life has grown almost intolerably civilian; and even on its higher levels it cannot be conducted without a wider range of knowledge than is customary among field-marshals.

Full recognition has been given to that fact in the range and diversity of the new King's training. For, admirably lacking in routine, it has effectually multiplied his contacts with almost every drab activity that goes to make up the common round of England. He has heard engineers

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talk shop, listened to experts planning assaults on foreign markets and watched the slow alleviation of maladjustments in the workers' lives. The higher salesmanship, group migration, and the mysterious processes by which frozen credits may be thawed have all passed before him; and few men have been vouchsafed a more commanding survey of the whole roaring, creaking, smoky rattletrap of affairs and industry which goes by the name of England. If it is the business of a modern king to hear and know about such things as that, there is not a more modern king in Europe.

But, happily or not, England is not the only place of which he has to be king; and in the wider field he has rare advantages, since he has been a persevering traveler. If it is an advantage to have seen the world as very few have seen it, he enjoys it to the full. A sight (and he has had more than one) of North and South America, Africa, India and the Dominions is a generous education in quite a number of things that we are not customarily taught at home, and he has had the chance to learn them all. That is another means by which his years have been augmented in the same process which enabled him to serve his country overseas in foreign markets and the Dominions.

What is the sum of it? A modern king with a far wider range of contacts than any of his subjects and a complete awareness of their real occupations and the problems which confront their country; a sharp questioner and a shrewd listener of wide experience; a busy mind that finds its own solutions and prefers to say the things that it has thought of for itself; a man of innumerable and diverse friendships; and the last man in England to desire to hear smooth things on serious affairs.

Small wonder that, if there were no monarchy, he would be the uncrowned King of England.

Big-Hearted Herriot

By Odette Pannetier

Translated from *Candide*, Paris Topical Weekly

[*The following sketch of Mr. Edouard Herriot was published in France a few days before the Laval Cabinet, in which he held the post of Minister of State, fell. We reproduce it here because it gives so vivid a picture of a man who, though not at the moment participating in the Government, has played and may again play a decisive rôle in French politics.*—The Editors.]

HE HAS a clumsy body that rocks from one foot to the other, a big head that looks as though it had been drawn by Sennep, hair as thick as an Alsacian forest, and haggard, moist eyes, eyes with the look

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of a man who has a terrific toothache and whose dentist is away on a vacation.

He loves, above all, to believe that he is good. He cultivates his soul as others cultivate lettuce or rhododendron. He belongs among the people who are deeply moved because they are going to give a beggar six sous and who believe that they have thus pulled him out of all his misery.

He is always speaking of his heart; he pats, flatters and caresses it. Instinctively his hand is posed upon it, as if to make sure that it is always there. And it is true there are in this heart some charming corners, corners that one imagines to be as blue and fresh as a bunch of forget-me-nots, as the gaze of a child fixed on a bird.

There is something of the *midinette* in him and something of the conspirator. One is likely to see him stop to listen to street singers ten minutes after having betrayed his Premier. He hums, laughs at life, pushes his dirty little hat back onto his vast neck; he beats time with fingers that are stubby but sensitive to rhythm. He feels seraphic, and, at the end of the last song, he thinks: 'The pig, tomorrow he will be overthrown . . .'

HE REPEATS to himself incessantly that he loves nature. And he is bent on proving it to himself. While the ministers go hunting at Rambouillet and have their pictures taken by *Nathan Brothers Newsreel*, Monsieur Herriot, who hates such slaughter, goes strolling in the woods. He discovers mushrooms which look like goblins, bends down painfully to pick one, then another, then, fatigued by such effort, has his chauffeur pick the others. The frivolous diversity of the mushrooms and toadstools enchants and inspires him. Merely for the benefit of his chauffeur, who yawns and thinks of his girl friend, he juggles with a thousand paradoxes, a thousand comparisons, a thousand dazzling, poetic and pleasing images. He offers to a deaf public of trees, leaves, brambles and grass a lecture that might easily please an audience at the Academy. He gets back to Paris, his feet entangled in a hostile mass of earthy mushrooms. And, arriving, he tells the chauffeur: 'Here, take them; they will please your wife.'

He reads a lot. He writes a lot. If, in the meantime, he does not save the Republic, he thinks of the Academy. His old friend Israel assures him that the green of the laurels is not becoming to his complexion. But that is a matter that would only bother a coquette. It worries Monsieur Herriot as little as a fly would an elephant. He thinks of his claims to immortality in little swallows, as one enjoys a sherbet or the memory of an hour of love.

Alas! The 'Right' wing of the Academy utters shocked cries as

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soon as his name is mentioned, and the 'Left' wing wishes to dispose, before his turn comes, of a stock of somewhat dusty candidates that have to be chosen before they are completely nibbled away by moths.

Then, in the absence of literature, Monsieur Herriot is busy with France and the Republic. That is, he is busy with himself. This post of Minister of State at which events have placed him does not fit his temperament. He suffocates at the Place Fontenay, where the telephone girls have to repeat his name three times when he is wanted on the 'phone. He is a little bit in the position of a man who has saved three or four drowning persons and who is about to be compensated with the title of swimming master. He feels strongly that France, deprived of him, will approach the worst catastrophes.

He loves the Quai d'Orsay. He loves it physically, from the doorkeeper who resembles Albert Fratellini down to the irregular clock—a funny clock, but gentle at heart—which strikes one hundred and forty-two times without stopping. He is homesick for the fireside, the tapestries, the little washroom of the lodging house, from which the shabby stairway winds up to the apartments. Depriving him of ambassadors is like depriving an addict of cocaine.

Then he is very unhappy. Moreover, he cannot be anything but unhappy. He has an intense, morbid need of being loved. When he leaves his home, on the Quai d'Herbouville at Lyon, and he craves attention, a pathetic little boy with a face that photographs well will step up to him:—

'Is it really you, M'sieur Herriot?'

Dear, opportune little boy! Monsieur Herriot seizes and hugs him, making *guidiguidi* under his chin; sees to it that the photographers are ready; and poses.

For want of a little boy, he chooses a railway mechanic, a bricklayer, a woman coming out of a comfort station.

It does not matter much to him to be hissed, as long as he appears on the screen. The essential thing is that people see him: his little hat, his martyr's eyes, and his wide open arms, always in search of a proletarian to embrace.

He loves the people; that is, he is bent on pleasing the militant radicals. He always arrives a little late in the party or executive meetings so that all are present and can applaud him:—

'*B'vo Herriot! Viv' Herriot!*'

Then he nods his heavy head as if he had enough in carrying it. His fingers describe little pirouettes in the air.

'*Merci, mes amis, merci . . .*'

He is overwhelmed and thankful. The ovations are redoubled:—

'*B'vo Herriot! Viv' Herriot!*'

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He turns to the crowd with the look of a crucified man who is not long for this world; he stretches out his arms to demand silence; then he speaks of the Republic.

He is a sad figure, a great little fellow. He gives the impression of suffering from life. One single soul loves him truly, one single being lives only for him: Césarine. She is the classic type of the old servant whom one sees only in the theatre. Césarine washes and scrubs him every morning in his bathtub. And moaning under her rough grasp, Herriot wants Césarine's opinion that he is not going to fall:—

'What do you say, Césarine? Mandel president of the Council without portfolio . . . Flandin Finance Minister . . . Me at the Quai d'Orsay, of course. . . . Hey? What did you say? I didn't hear you . . . My ears are full of soap. . . .'

And Césarine, without stopping her scrubbing, answers:—

'All this will be still more of a nuisance to Monsieur. . . .'

He is a gourmand, without wanting to be one and without knowing it. Ingenuously, instinctively, like a baby that vigorously sucks its mother's breast.

He always goes to the same restaurant and the headwaiters scold him:—

'*Monsieur le Président*, you aren't serious? You have eaten two dozen oysters already, a whole lobster . . . Really, to have a pepper steak now. . . ! *Monsieur le Président* is still hungry? *Monsieur le Président* will be ill!'

'Go on, my friend, go on,' says Monsieur Herriot, as if the head waiter had just revealed his intention to fetch a bumper of hemlock.

Then he calls for the cook, the scullery-boy, the waitress, and solemnly, though with much simplicity, gives them the accolade.

He loves books physically. He touches and caresses them with a tender hand; he loves their bindings, their parchment, the fantastic little loop of the 5 on page 25. They are better than friends, better almost than his children. When he is with them even the best pipe is no more than a subordinate mistress.

He is not a bad man. But there is some calamity in whatever he concerns himself with. He has only to want to serve some one to betray him immediately. He injures everyone he tries to help. Whenever he admires, he slanders. He must be a remote descendant of the Atridae.

He is full of good intentions. When he wants to see the picture of a good man, he looks into the nearest mirror, for he knows well that he himself is a good and dignified man, a man who loves France, the Republic and the laity. He pities those who doubt or reject him. Then he gives his heart a little pat, sends a look of resignation heavenwards, and dreams of the coming Ministerial combinations.

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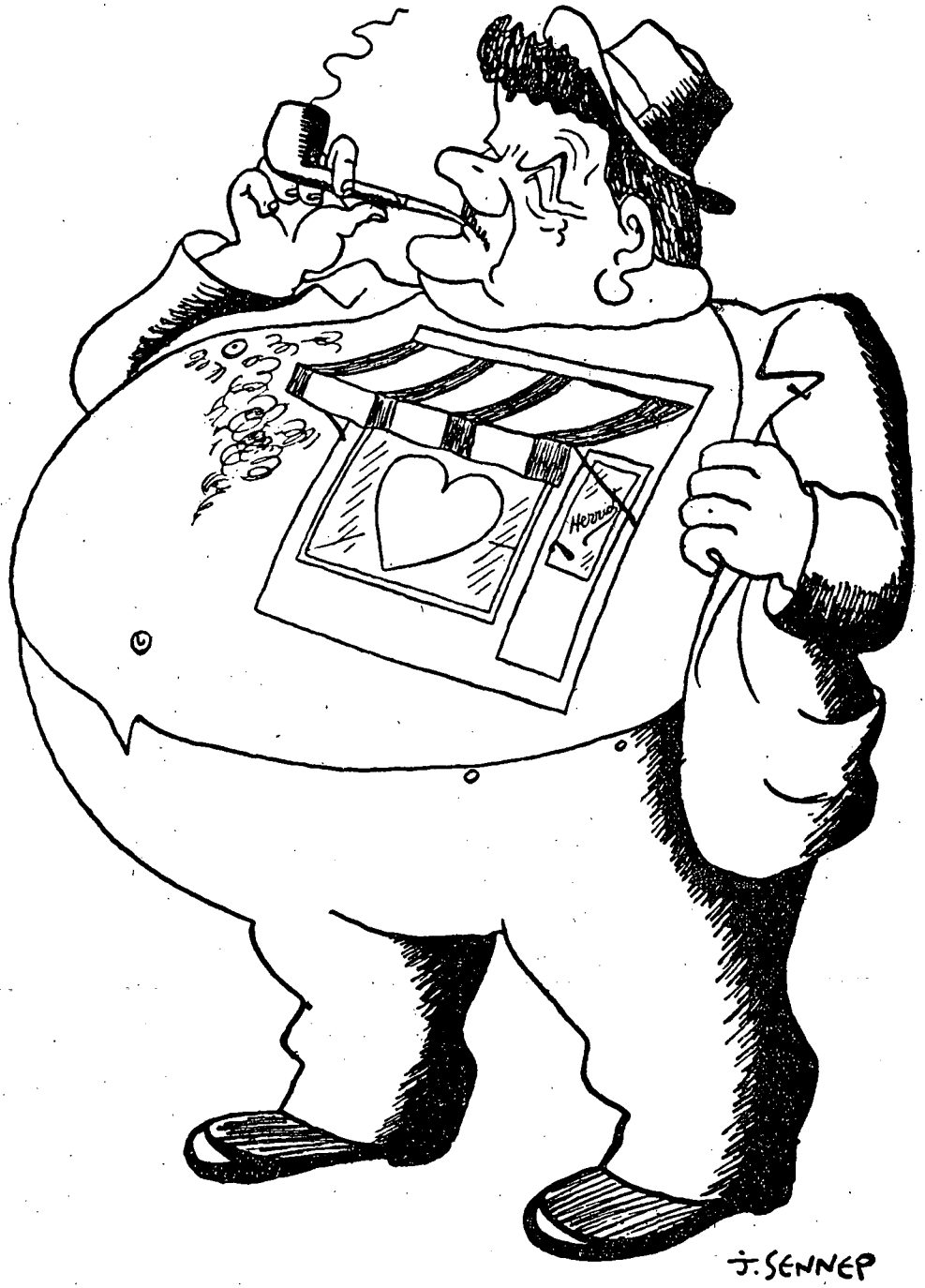

MR. HERRIOT INSTALLS A SHOW WINDOW

—Sennep in *Candide*, Paris

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The author of the best book on Proust reëxamines that great figure of French literature in the light of new values.

On Rereading Marcel Proust

By Léon Pierre-Quint

Translated from *Europe*, Paris Literary Monthly

I HAVE NOT opened one of Proust's books for about nine or ten years. After publishing an important work on him, I felt that I was done with that particular subject. I admired the author as much as ever, but I was not interested in him any more. One loves a book as one loves a landscape or a human being. A certain amount of time spent with either one of them is sufficient to make the love you bear them to take flight; their mystery is dissipated. Then after a while you again wish to find the loved being, to visit the places you loved as a child, to compare your first impressions of a book with those of a second reading. I did not begin this task without apprehension. From the first I felt impressed by the remoteness of the youth of today from a writer so uninterested in the social question as was Proust, and I wondered whether it is the new generation, with its over narrow conception of art, or Proust's work, that lacks universality.

In the beginning of my book on Proust I traced his portrait, considering above all the artist in him; his abnormal and irregular existence is explained by his sickness; his inability to act in practical life, his exaggerated politeness, his eccentricities are due to the natural complication of his mind and his exaggerated sensitiveness. As a result we have a sad Marcel Proust, a man of great generosity who little by little sacrificed all the pleasures of life to his art. I continued to believe that this portrait was true, but I realized that it is possible to delineate another one, perhaps equally true. Could not one interpret Proust's excessive amiability as a kind of defense mechanism, as a way of escaping from himself; his prolix compliments not as a form of poetry, but rather as a sign of flattery? Certain phrases that are frequently repeated in his letters, like 'Don't repeat what I have told you,' or 'Don't tell this to anybody,' his expression 'Silent as the grave,' which means 'to be quiet on this subject'—are these not signs

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of hypocrisy? Could not certain of Proust's gestures, as, for example, his legendary tips, be explained, rather than by generosity, by the pathological side of his nature, by his habit of 'buying' his inferiors, his need of dazzling and seducing them?

It was above all from this point of view that I reread *A la Recherche du temps perdu*. I took it up not as I would take up any book from the library, with a preconceived sympathy which is in reading a book a sure promise of pleasure: rather, on the contrary, with a definite prejudice. I should like to say at once that even if I have a better understanding this time of certain qualities that the author lacks, my hostile sentiments could not resist his extraordinary poetic powers and the profundity of his analyses.

II

In describing French high society from 1890 to 1920, Proust could not pass in silence the most important political and social events of that epoch, the Dreyfus affair, for example, or the War. Generally, it is only as a novelist that he studies the repercussions of those two events on the individual lives of his characters. But the War plays such an important part in *Le Temps retrouvé* that he was obliged to modify his neutral attitude. Nevertheless, the reader cannot help wondering whether Proust has not lacked courage and sincerity in speaking about the War. When the nobleman-officer Saint-Loup writes from the front that it is enough for the wounded soldiers to learn that the enemy trench has been taken to enable them to die with a smile, Proust declares, seriously, that he finds this letter—a piece of official tosh—'very sympathetic.'

The entire country is mobilized; there is an unprecedented unanimity of opinion. Proust bows before it as, having been well brought up, he would bow before a duchess. But he does state that only a man like Charlus is, thanks to his detachment, in a position to judge the events wisely, and the opinions which he puts into his mouth (precisely because he lacks patriotism) seem to him true or most nearly approaching truth. For Charlus (and for Proust) the War was only a vast piece of trickery; the people, if they had not been deceived, would have no real reason to carry on this struggle; and that is what makes the War so absurd. In the meanwhile, Charlus declares, the brilliant champions of the newspapers apply themselves daily to finding new reasons for fighting—reasons which are nothing but lies and platitudes. Proust expresses through Charlus the following admirable sentiment: 'The truth is that every morning the War is being declared anew.'

The world behind the lines of attack provokes the author to the bitterest irony. From the first pages Proust presents to us women in their new shortened dresses and turbans, preoccupied by fashions and coiffures which are to 'rejoice the eyes of the fighters!' Mme. Verdurin's salon has become one of the most elegant in Paris. 'You will come at five o'clock to talk war,' says the hostess to those whom she invites. She considers the war a 'great nuisance' because the front takes away her 'faithful.'

And that is really the author's point of view about the war, in spite of all the declarations to the contrary made

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in his letters in order to put him on record as a 'decent man.' It does not interest him; it does not mean anything to him as an artist. The struggle between the French and the Germans seems distant and unreal to him. He considers the grotesque, distant little creatures from the point of view of the infinite, and thinks that men 'are completely mad to continue their futile wars.'

The point is that Proust is insensible to the profound reality of social life. For him the individual plays such a profound part in his consciousness that he cannot imagine anything above or outside of him. Proust believes that a nation consists of a totality of individuals, ignoring the fact that when men are united in groups, in mobs, in nations, a new collective consciousness entirely different from that of each one of the members is added to their individual consciousness.

Therefore one should not be surprised that Proust does not speak of the economic causes of the war, of the inflation, the misery, the wounded; nor can one find in his work the heart-rending horror of the front, nor any compassion for the lamentable state of the combatants. It is only in solitude that Proust feels the infinity of human sorrow so intensely. One is led to believe that only in rare cases can a strong personality be equally sensitive both to the individual and collective consciousness. This profound indifference of Proust's explains how he could so easily conform to the patriotic conventions and give us at times an impression of hypocrisy.

The same mistake can be made on observing him at the salons. Opening at hazard one of the volumes I was struck, as Gide was when he first read Proust, by the superficial agitation and profound inanity of all those princes, dukes and duchesses. Did the author really admire these grand futile people? Was he a snob?

III

It is true that from his childhood Proust had surrounded the great aristocratic names with poetic dreams. He created an ideal of the Duchess de Guermantes and connected it with that of her glorious ancestors whom he had seen in the tapestries and stained-glass windows of the Combray church. Perhaps a certain masochistic feeling entered into this admiration. Mingling with the bourgeois, voluptuously he felt himself disdained, and when he remembered that the Guermantes once had the right of life and death over their vassals, he felt that he was losing all control, that, intoxicated with his own imagination, he would presently fling himself at her feet, 'an earthworm enamored of a star.'

When Proust reached the age of sixteen-seventeen, he was taken by a frantic desire to know the *monde*, for him so full, because of its very inaccessibility, of prestige and delight. One finds in his novel frequent traces of this period of his life. He speaks to us of his 'first highness'—the first to whom he had ever been presented—and about his entrée to the house of Madame de Guermantes as exceptional events.

This attitude of the young Proust explains his correspondence with Montesquiou—a man who was in a position to open for him the most inaccessible doors of Paris. Proust, an obscure bourgeois, as yet unknown, felt him-

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self like a little boy before this grand gentleman, from whom he later drew the extraordinary figure of Charlus. Having succeeded in making such a connection, he does not hesitate to submit to his distinguished friend's caprices, to obey him scrupulously. He has for his cravat, his *mots*, his poems, hyperbolic expressions of praise, like a courtesan. When Montesquiou is thrown into a fit of fury—one of those legendary fits that usually ended in the grossest abuses—Proust replies to him humbly; in order to have Montesquiou present at one of his parties, he is ready to exclude, for that evening, his most intimate friends.

But gradually the letters greatly change in tone. We can see Proust outgrowing his passion, working and thinking of his novel as his only duty in life, while Montesquiou has remained a man of the world. Proust realizes the absence of culture in most of the nobles whose names seemed so beautiful to him, their poverty of spirit, their pettiness, their vices, and their malice. There is really no contradiction between the fanatic snobbism of his youth and the severe condemnation of his riper years. This apparent contradiction can be explained by reference to each period in his life.

As a matter of fact, it was his personal experience of snobbery that had prompted him to portray so powerfully the people of the salons. Proust has imparted to them his own worldly ambition, which is their only obsession. Snobbery has become a true passion, violent and tyrannic, analogous to that for cards or alcohol. In the middle of the perpetual excitement which surrounds all these men of the world, mere tender sentiments are sacrificed. The friends who cannot follow are forgotten. Proust was not wrong in thinking that, considered from that point of view, which is the point of view of an artist, the life of these idlers is no less interesting than that of a worker or a small shopkeeper.

However, what Proust has described is less one special social circle than a certain number of individuals taken one by one and each animated by the passion of snobbery. Proust never studies these persons in relation to their social convention. None of them has a profession. Nobody works, and they are all people of means. Here, as before, it is the author's social attitude that creates an illusion of hypocrisy.

In his description of an individual, and notably of love, we also have this impression of insincerity. When he declares that he has entered into Sodom and Gomorrha as one descends into Dante's Inferno, is this not a piece of pretense on his part? We see Proust proceeding to a veritable dissociation of his sentiments on love. On the one hand, he has extracted everything that has to do with true passion, on the other, everything related to the deviation of sexual desire. For this reason, he has devoted certain parts of his books to his feeling for Albertine and other parts almost independently to Charlus and others like him. If Proust has presented as the object of his passion not a young man but a young girl, it was because he wanted to give his work an entrée everywhere. This seemed to him all the more natural since the profound nature of passion, its great psychological laws (its crystallization, anxiety, jealousy), seemed to him unchangeable in man, whatever the sex of his beloved. Most

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of the readers do not even notice this transposition, for the author in speaking of women evinces unparalleled skill and understanding.

It is true that Proust has put into this love the most tender, freshest, purest associations. His love for Albertine is linked up with his youth, its enthusiasm, its puerile gravity, its moods of uncontrollable laughter. Hence the translucent and as if nacreous pages of *Jeunes filles en fleur* that produce the spectacle of 'forms changing unceasingly,' and of a 'perpetual recreation of primordial elements of nature.' Love in its communion with youth becomes in his hands, during certain moments of exceptional happiness, a sort of mystic rite which allows man to attain the ultimate reality in life.

IV

When, on the other hand, he undertakes the description of the homosexuals, he describes only the special character of their desire and its social consequence. Proust compares a homosexual to a thief, a spy, a madman. He shows us Charlus—and that is what makes his first appearance so impressive—obliged to watch carefully every one of his looks, his words, his gestures.

But Proust does not rebel against the persecutions suffered by the homosexual. This is because he himself does not feel the need of unmasking. He has always accepted the customs and usages of the world as one accepts weather. Of course, perversion seems to him a phenomenon which is misunderstood and vainly blamed. He knows the impotence of the social laws which seek to reduce it. But he does not express his feelings by an open protest. Rather is it apparent in his description of the homosexual's actual sufferings and the degrading lies to which he is perpetually reduced. This treatment of the subject which is otherwise so shocking for the reader makes it acceptable. We must not forget that Proust at the time was the first to treat this subject in literature. But he has gone beyond this. He has emphasized the ridiculous, grotesque, and often repugnant aspects of perversion, as in the celebrated scene where Charlus enters into an understanding with Jupien. Never was Proust more sincere than in these pages, for here he experiences a sort of a repulsion for his own desire and, realizing its pathological character, condemns it and himself.

Proust never portrays homosexuals as transfigured by any marvelous love. He leaves them nothing but the brutal pursuit of pleasure. Reciprocated love, which is so rare even among normal beings, becomes for them such an exceptional phenomenon that they are reduced to seeking in the depths of prostitution illusions that would appease their needs. This habit of venal love by its very facility gradually spoils even the possibility of loftier passion. Money becomes the only means of satisfying their lust.

Such is the atmosphere, with all its nightmare-like horror, that pervades Proust's curséd Sodom. But this atmosphere seems to spread little by little to all the parts of the novel. Almost all the characters reveal themselves as 'inhabitants of the cities of the plain:' Saint-Loup, M. de Cambremer, Bloch's uncle, in their new aspect of Sodomites, the women, Mlle. Vinteuil, Albertine, Andrée, as women

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of Gomorrha. Normal or abnormal, the men can only attach themselves to inferior beings, to prostitutes, cocottes, valets. In Proustian society, love between two beings of the same rank is an impossible phenomenon. It seems to me that this tendency of the author to generalize in his novel certain pathological traits of desire in the end obscures his vision.

This is a question that is often raised about the works of most great writers. Almost all of Dostoievski's heroes are epileptics because he was one. But for that very reason they are able to reveal unsuspected depths. In Baudelaire we find a taste for monstrous women; but precisely this has caused the poet to evolve marvelous æsthetics of ugliness. It is as if a certain nervous lack of equilibrium, in distorting a writer's perception, permits him to comprehend the aspects of the exterior world which remain hidden to a normal man. The unwholesome signs of decadence which might embarrass us in Proust's books are in a way the ransom of his genius.

Thus we arrive at the following general statement: both the pathological and hypocritic aspects of Proust's works are merely outward signs of the author's insensibility to the collective side of life. But Proust has attempted a sort of justification. Like Gide in his *Faux Monnayeurs*, he has interpolated in his novel a sort of 'diary of that novel': he explains how he had achieved such a scene, how he had made such a discovery, and thus clarifies his æsthetic concepts. He bases them on the following assertion: a writer should not stir out of his ivory tower; social, moral, religious or political questions have no place in a work of art.

These questions, Proust explains, can be only an object of abstract theorizing, of endless discussions: they cannot take us out of the domain of formal intelligence—precisely the domain beyond which an artist must pass. A writer who prefers to depict a labor movement rather than a group of idlers takes the easier way: a more intense effort is required to analyze the smallest emotion hiding in the obscure depths of our subconscious than to deal with the larger humanitarian ideas. Some critics admire the objectivity of writers indulging in the latter activity. Proust calls it 'false realism.'

Of course, Proust did not realize that religious, moral or political subjects need not necessarily be reduced to simple intellectual problems. There are for an artist in collective life as profound emotions as may be found in the individual life. There is as much 'reality' in one as in the other. We know that man cannot live isolated from the rest of society; and Proust, in ignoring that specific form of human activity which is social, imposed on his work limits which undoubtedly narrowed his horizons.

V

On the other hand, the characteristics which constitute the true greatness of the author appeared to me more clearly upon rereading his works. Believing, rightly, that pure ideas would not permit the deepest possible penetration into the subject, he holds that a writer should strive to pass through the layers of abstract speculation, of ready-made theories, of ready-made images, of conventions and of customs, to find supreme reality in the world of sensations and perceptions.

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All of Proust's work is a continual effort to grasp in the depths of consciousness the essence of things, that is, emotions in their purest form. Only then does he subject them to the minutest intellectual analysis. Thus he produces a vision of the universe which is entirely different from our conception of it. This expression of the Absolute can only be found in the present if the author is able to associate it with the resuscitated emotions of the past. When he does that, it is as if he had plucked death and time out of the moment, making it imperishable.

His style proceeds precisely from this method of research. Proust constantly strives to establish a relationship between two objects, or to find some quality common to two sensations and to connect them by an image which is the true metaphor. Proust's metaphors are doors opening directly on mystery; they create perspectives of veritably magic depths. They make one forget Proust's weaknesses—his long-winded phrases, reiterations, the occasional mannerisms that date his work; they are a source of perpetual poetic transfiguration of the universe. Swann's estate and the Guermantes' castle, associated with the almost mythological personages who inhabit them, become for the boy Marcel some super-terrestrial worlds: Swann's way and Guermantes' way. Here Odette's image is associated with a 'Florentine masterpiece'; Albertine's with a Balbec sea-scape; love with a certain spot in the scenery around him or with one little musical phrase of Vinteuil's sonata.

These metaphors have a distorting power also: they make the most familiar objects appear other than they really are: a cocotte or Mme. de Saint Euverte is transformed into a '*dame en rose*,' or a hag; women seen in a stage box become naiads half 'submerged' behind the balustrades. In the *Temps retrouvé* the famous ball of the Duchess de Guermantes seems to unroll before us in a strange, dull, sluggish, stuffy atmosphere: one can almost believe that the people were rigged out as if at a masquerade in powdered wigs, false double-chins and with leaden shoes on their feet. Thus Proust gives us a direct and shocking impression of their having aged.

Proust's metaphors at times assume the morbid power of hallucinations. Like the modern poets, like Rimbaud, who sees 'a mosque in a factory, a salon at the bottom of a lake,' Proust seems to be haunted by a perpetual dream. We lose the dividing line between dream and reality, sleep and awakening. The conscious life impinges upon the world of subconsciousness, imparting to his prose an almost boundless power of suggestion.

The philosophical conclusion of Proust's works is based upon synthesized relativism and idealism. Outside of the world of poetry, nothing seems real to the author. In the perpetual flux of appearances, in the constant renewal of forms, he cannot attach himself to any fixed landmark. The points of view of a child, an adult, and an old man are so different from each other that a man finds himself facing a new world every time. The Albertine whom Proust had loved is not the same girl as the one by whom he is no longer charmed; she is not the same as the one whom Saint-Loup sees from his disinterested point of view. Thus Proust emphasizes the closed character of our personalities, our irremediable solitude.

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This negativist pessimism, which reminds us of Ecclesiastes, may seem discouraging to us. If all in art is illusion, why act at all? Proust, being a dualist, had doubtless separated too categorically the appearances from the absolute realities, the mobile and ephemeral images of the unknown world from the profound vital force. Today, on the contrary, the philosophers have a tendency to reconcile the 'phenomena' with the 'nomena'. Thus we find the young men of today in a sense arrayed against Proust, in that, having a completely monistic and empirical conception, they apply themselves to tasks which require only observation and experience.

The danger inherent in the position that Proust has taken is that it may inspire a man, because of his disgust for the world of illusion, with a desperate desire to be united with God. Thus Bergson toward the end of his life has identified the vital force with catholic mysticism. Even the positivists have not escaped this temptation: Auguste Comte growing old created a religion for himself. Toward the end of his life Proust prayed for death. Not having any religious ideals, he wished only to throw off the endless chain of illusions, to escape from these pleasures and sorrows which are only aberrations of our senses, to attain as soon as possible the moment when he, Buddhist-like, could cease to stir, to desire.

VI

What can such a writer bring to the youth of today, preoccupied as it is by social questions? Here is a man who is completely antisocial. To the contemporary youth Proust seems like a hermit—living apart from society, although respecting its outward forms. Even family does not seem to exist for him: if he loves his mother it is not from any sense of duty. The pursuit of pleasure becomes his only duty: sometimes an insignificant rendezvous with an unknown and easy-going creature (for example Mlle. de Stermaria) causes in him an excitement seemingly disproportionate to its cause. He does not hesitate to remove all the obstacles, refusing on that day to come to the aid of a friend or to keep company with his mother, although she begs him to do so. It seems to him that to renounce this rendezvous, to fail to taste those unique moments, would be a crime that he could never forgive himself.

However, having realized the inanity of all these pleasures, having exhausted little by little all the charms of worldly life, nothing is left for him but the joy of creation. Here egoism seems to him a necessary end: an artist should not let himself be distracted from his work by any intrusion of the outside world. 'Human altruism,' says he, 'if not egotistic is sterile.' It is true that he had found in art moments of ineffable emotion. He finds this happiness in memories connected with paintings: when, one day, Brichot comes to the museum to see the Vermeer painting, that precious 'little panel in the wall painted in such beautiful yellow,' and, suddenly overtaken by a heart attack, dies, looking at this perfect color in a sort of ecstasy before losing consciousness; or in musical associations, as one day when Proust hears the famous little phrase from Vinteuil's sonata and feels that this phrase opens up an unexplored world to him; at such a time Proust has his

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moments of 'time regained.' Nothing can seem more foreign to a young man of today than such an attitude toward life. Nowadays, in the economical crises that overhang the world, when an adolescent can find no place for himself, he lacks this metaphysical unrest. He does not ask 'Why live?' but 'How to live?' He is not interested in finding a reason for existence, but a society adapted to his prime needs. His ambition is not to belong to a salon, but rather to a social group, league, or party. Proust's works are completely opposed to such preoccupations.

But I doubt whether any great artist could respond to thought so dominated by material worries. This is precisely why art, which demands an impartial attitude, never has manifested itself during the epochs of great social upheavals. When a man's security and his possessions are threatened, when his spirit and his heart are entirely absorbed by everyday political life, when he is constrained every day to foresee, to decide, to act, he finds himself quite incapable of creation. Neither the French revolution nor the War of 1914, in spite of the greatness of these events, gave birth to great works of art. Only journalists, polemicists, diplomats and politicians were conspicuous at those times. One should also add that dictatorship, which frequently accompanies or follows these troubled periods, such as the dictatorship of Napoleon or Clemenceau, definitely extinguishes all personal creative efforts, and allows only official and conventional type of art.

These conditions, I am afraid, are still not understood by the majority of the young generation. For them, an artist who strives to place himself upon an absolute level is a victim of vain idealism. It is impossible, they say, to seek beauty or truth in one's self. An artist ought to break down all walls between his ego and society. He should march hand in hand with other workers, particularly with the proletariat. There is no essential difference between intellectual and manual work. Proust, who believes that the activity of an artist possesses special privileges as a sort of free, spontaneous and gratuitous play of intellect, is in their eyes an idler. Here is a man inactive, sick, unwholesome, who passes most of his days in trying to resuscitate the past, activity which he himself calls, 'la recherche du temps perdu.' The youth of today at least agree with him in calling it 'temps perdu.'

The young people of today are wrong in considering Proust an idler just because he retains an objective attitude toward art. If Proust tries to revive the past it is not for the pleasure of self-contemplation: it is in order to clarify his emotions through intelligence. There is perhaps no nobler activity than that of a man seeking to know himself and the world around him. But today, the existence of gratuitous activity of mind being ignored, pure knowledge for its own sake is neglected and despised by the young generation. An individual, uncultured but physically healthy, an ignoramus with a sense of fraternal solidarity, they say, is more useful to society, to the national community, than an egotist genius; the fact is that, while the former might be useful, he could never be an artist. There is no place for true art in a society dominated by such concepts. The history of Sparta could be taken as an exam-

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ple of such a society. Perhaps it is necessary that we traverse these forms of civilization before the rebirth of new artistic vitality. Has not the art of the 19th century been advancing more and more into an impasse, and is not Proust's work perhaps an end rather than the point of departure?

Proust's conception of love is quite foreign to the youth of today. For him Passion takes, as we have seen, the form of physical desire, but desire thwarted by circumstances, so that the beloved becomes a source of mental complications to the lover. Hence long Proustian analyses of jealousy, analyses which disconcert the contemporary young reader. These psychological complications, coquetry, deceit, quarrels, explanations, reconciliations, seem to him an outrageous waste of time. The theory of love limited to mere contact of epidermis has made numerous disciples among the representatives of the new generation, which wants to be realistic. Nevertheless there is nothing more unreal than this negation of passion which not only exists but also enriches the individual by its existence.

It may be added that it is perhaps the fundamental pessimism of Proust's works that most disconcerts the contemporary reader. At times Proust seems like a follower of Schopenhauer with Buddhistic tendencies. More and more alone in the last years of his life, Proust clings to art as the only thing that can save him in the changing world. Only art allowed him to bear his sufferings; he does not hesitate to prolong them in order to attain the essences of emotion, the ultimate aim of his work. We see him in his bed, sick, nervous, exhausted, but while his mind is still lucid thinking of nothing other than adding another passage to his book, or including a new metaphor in a phrase. One could say that out of the last moments of his life there emerges the figure of a hero who, although weak-willed and constantly dissipated in worldly pleasures, yet knew how to tap all the sources of his energy and to achieve the extraordinary inner concentration that was necessary for his work.

Most certainly the young man of today has an entirely different conception of a hero; he sees him as a physically healthy man, disciplined, and capable, above all, of sacrificing his personality to collectivism. This man works with infinite joy and hope for the construction of a new society. There is nothing more vital, more enchanting than such creative optimism, necessary whenever an individual devotes himself to a practical enterprise. Nevertheless Proustian pessimism is no less fecund, for it deals with any form of action devoted to pure knowledge. Heroes need not be limited only to shock-workers, builders of mills and cities, great legislators; there is also heroic life in art. Thus, Proust has reason to claim that he has served his country well. He could not serve it otherwise than as a writer. And a writer cannot be useful to his country except when 'he studies the laws of art, learning to think of nothing else, (not even of his native land), but the truth before him.'

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An English woman radical reports her impressions, favorable and unfavorable, of the U. S. S. R., and a young Russian novelist writes a satirical sketch on the vicissitudes of those who hoard.

Inside RUSSIA

Fact and Fiction in the U. S. S. R.

I. Whither Russia?

By Ethel Mannin

From the *New Leader*, London Independent Labor Party Weekly

SO MANY comrades have asked me, concerning my recent big Russian journey, 'What are your general impressions?' that I propose to try to condense into this brief article the reply to that question, which really needs a whole book—which I am writing—to answer adequately.

With a Russian-speaking friend I covered some 7,000 miles, traveling with a consulate visa,—which enables the bearer to travel freely, like a Russian citizen, and which is not easy to get—'bootleg' rubles, and completely unconducted. From Moscow we went down through the Ukraine, from Kiev to Kharkov, down to Rostov-on-the-Don, and into the heart of the Caucasus, from Sotchi, a 'Riviera' resort on the Black Sea, to Nalchik, amongst the Caucasian mountains, over the Georgian Military Highway to Tiflis, and from thence by air to Baku, from which, though we had no permit to do so,—permits for Russian Turkestan not being granted to English people except in very, very exceptional cases,—we crossed the Caspian Sea.

We went right through Turkestan, from Krasnovodsk to Tashkent, stopping off at Samarkand, and back to Moscow on the five-and-a-half day train. How we evaded detection and expulsion, and the strange and wonderful things we saw on this vast journey, I have no space to recount here; I outline the ground covered merely to indicate that I have per-

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haps some little claim to knowing something about the real Russia—which claim all too many people base merely on a knowledge of Moscow, judging Russia by which is as absurd as judging England by London.

The general impression is one of progress—a visible progress; building, building, all the time, everywhere, even out in the deserts and in the wild loneliness of the steppes. Everywhere are newly-erected blocks of workers' apartments, and blocks in the course of erection. After a year's absence I found Moscow almost unrecognizable, so rapidly and extensively has the building progressed. It is now a tremendously modern and Americanized city of semi-skyscrapers and fine large stores full of all manner of luxury goods, not merely perfumes, flowers, fancy goods, but luxury foodstuffs such as rich cakes, pastries, chocolates, etc. Also the people are much better dressed than a year ago.

It is the same story of progress all over Russia, in the Ukraine, the Caucasus, Georgia, Armenia, Turkestan—new blocks of apartments, workers' rest-homes and sanatoria, theatres, schools, universities, stores, hotels. *That in the face of every conceivable obstacle and set-back which could possibly impede the progress of a country, the U.S.S.R. has achieved miracles, is absolutely undeniable.* And that all over Russia there are still people living under very bad conditions does not alter this supreme and obvious fact.

After all one has heard of improved living conditions in the U.S.S.R., it is admittedly a shock to find people, as we did, in Tiflis, Stalin's home-town, living in cellars, windowless, with earth floors, and in unspeakable hovels as on the oil-fields of Baku; to be accosted by beggars, and see people sleeping out at night; and outside of Moscow it is impossible not to get a depressing impression of a drab level of poverty where the crowds in the streets are concerned.

But everywhere throughout the Union people assured us, 'Things are getting better—every day,' and the answer to the bad living conditions still to be found is that building is going ahead literally day and night. Under the 'Rebuilding of Moscow' scheme, it is planned eventually to double the room-space of everyone.

Russia is not yet the Promised Land; she is still the *Promising* Land—but there is every reason to believe that she will fulfil her promises in the matter of decent living conditions for all; she is, indeed, fulfilling them as fast as she can. Food is plentiful and no longer rationed. The aim is not to raise wages, but to lower the cost of living, which has fallen within the last year.

II

It is no just or true or pertinent criticism to say of Russia that she is not yet Utopia; the marvel is that under the circumstances she has achieved so much. What *is* a pertinent criticism, and a bitter disappointment, is that she should yet be so far from having achieved a classless society. Equality she does not claim to have achieved—but is that any reason, for example, why, within a short walk of a commissar's charming palatial summer home—the family has also an apartment in Moscow—the workers of a State (not collective) farm should live four to a squalid room? One dreadful room we inspected contained too narrow iron bedsteads and a chair,

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and housed a man and a woman and two young children. The commissar and his wife are also four in a family, but *they* have a whole house with large rooms and servants and every comfort . . .

Again—much is made of the fact that the tourist boats which run from London to Leningrad are virtually one class, the second and third class passengers having the free run of the decks and lounges; it is a very different story with the steamers of the Caspian Sea, which my friend and I crossed fourth class, because, after waiting all day in a queue for tickets, nothing else was available. (A large number of 'delegates,' we were told, had caused a run on the first.) Fourth class admits you to the boat and no more; you lie on the deck, in the bows, completely without shelter. For two nights and a day we lay on the deck by the anchor chains, not an inch of deck-space visible, so closely were we packed . . . The covered first class deck was empty at the time when the first class passengers lay snug in their cabins. You would have thought that those of us compelled to lie on the deck might at least have been allowed to do so under cover.

You would have thought that in a Socialist country delegates, commissars, and Red Army officers would take their chance of getting 'soft' places on trains and steamers, queueing up like anyone else, instead of being privileged. But over and over again, traveling not as tourists but like Russian citizens, we failed to get soft places on the trains because they were all taken, we were told, by commissars and Red Army officers. Once when I had secured a soft place, it was 'commandeered' at the last minute, and I was unable to travel that night.

That a new bourgeoisie of better-paid workers (one engineer I know in Moscow gets 2,000 rubles a month, and has a charming four-room apartment for himself and his wife! Another engineer friend of mine gets only 200 rubles a month, and he and his wife share one squalid room in an apartment which houses three other couples, their communal servant sleeping in the kitchen on the floor) and of a privileged class—professional workers, writers, artists, etc.—is growing up, I am afraid I am convinced . . . unless something is done to check it.

Granted that the more valuable worker is entitled to better pay, the disparity in wages and privileges is still, in my opinion, too great to be consistent with the true Socialist ideal of each according to his needs; the skilled engineer and the great artist, for example, are more valuable to the community than the unskilled laborer and the scavenger, and therefore entitled to higher remuneration, but that is no reason why they and their families should be given comfortable apartments whilst the unskilled laborer and his family are crowded into one room; the latter, as a fellow human being, needs the same living conditions as the more gifted, and therefore more valuable worker; to make privileges of decent living conditions is to violate the whole Marxist principle of each according to his needs.

Taking all these things into consideration, not excluding its militarism and its foreign policy, it is impossible not to see Russia today as a gigantic question-mark and anxiously ask concerning it—*quo vadis?*

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II. Makaroonovna

By Lev Kassil

Translated from *Izvestia*, Moscow Official Government Daily

WHAT kind of a life I lead? I'll tell you: I don't function in any official capacity. I myself am a housewife; I am registered as pertaining to my husband. But my fame has gone far and wide, okh, very far and wide. I was notorious. And what I had to stand because of the neighbors' envy . . . ! From that same envy they nicknamed me Makaroonovna, that is to say, because I was hoarding macaroons and all kinds of I don't know what vermicelli. . . Truth to tell, I was a great hoarder in my day. The question of provisioning was completely solved as far as *I* was concerned. Wherever anything was given out, the merchandise just this minute arrived, people still taking stock of it, —and there I was, the first one at the door, having started a queue in good time. I used to run around the whole day from morning to night, collecting provisions. My house became a regular provisioning camp.

In money I have no trust. Money—what is it? Nothing but a rustle: no solidity to it. I first had trouble with it in '17: hoarded up 2,542 rubles worth of Nikolaievki and Kerenki [money printed respectively under Nicholas II and Kerenski] and to no purpose! Good-for-nothing money! But take goods—the value is constant, and you are fed and clothed and at the same time have made a solid investment. That's something that won't fall through; it's good business. So I hoarded provisions. And was I clever in this business? You have no idea! Of tea alone I had four-and-a-half kilos, two boxes of biscuits, five bags of flour, and I don't know how much sugar—altogether about fifty kilos. Then, besides, macaroons, dried mushrooms, all sorts of conserves. I still have twenty cans of American evaporated milk from '20. Then all kinds of cereals, rice, barley and such . . .

Well, if I say so myself, it was such a spectacle of beauty that the few chosen friends who were allowed to behold it said outright: 'You, Antonina Makarovna, have here a regular museum on the provisioning question. I have never seen the like of such beauty; it makes one's mouth water and effects a gnawing in one's vitals.'

Understand, I am no speculator. No such thing. I am registered as pertaining to my husband, and he, please understand, is a technician in the watch industry. I did not hoard my reserves for any speculative purpose. Simply for the tranquillity of my soul. In case there's a famine. . . . You can't believe everything the newspapers say about how things are getting better and better. After all, newspapers are like money—nothing but a rustle. You can't stuff yourself on them. And here my sister comes from the provinces for a visit and tells me: 'Okh, sister, better hoard food for the long years to come or you'll weep bitter tears of hunger; and food products are a good investment.' So I hoarded.

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There was a chance to buy some copra; an invalid was selling it. I myself don't rightly know what it is; somebody said that you can extract nourishing oils out of it. So I took twelve kilos, just in case.

And believe it or not, we ourselves never laid a finger on all that splendor. I never let any one of my folks near it. Because if you start taking, you can count the products as lost. Of course, sometimes on holidays guests would come around; then I'd ruin myself a little, serve something from my hidden stores. You should see everyone's amazement: 'However did you,' they would say, 'Antonina Makarovna, save all this splendor? This flour alone—just look at it! Simply azure. As for rice—one grain is better than the other. Pearls and not rice, that's what it is. Absolutely,' they'd say, 'pearls.'

II

And then this business began. First they abolished the bread ration-cards. Well, I think, that's nothing. Flour is not an important item with me. The main thing is sugar. All my hopes were pinned on sugar. Of course, the flour situation was heart-breaking. It got to be so cheap that I lost fifteen rubles on every *pood*. And then, you understand, they take to abolishing all the other food-cards. That proved to be the ruin of me. After that everything went to the dogs. All the prices fell. The sugar, from which I expected great things, and caramels—everything went. Why, I lost seventy kopeks on every blessed kilo of refined sugar. As for selling it—who would buy? 'Your sugar,' they say, 'is stale, while in the stores they sell it fresh.' Finally I became completely distracted, as if the floor had been knocked out from under me, and my fame disappeared as if it had never existed. Wherever you go, they offer you cookies and biscuits and tea fully equipped with sugar. And I have nothing left to boast about. Total ruination!

'Well,' I think, 'no use in hoarding any more.' So I invited guests. My nephew, a student, came with a friend, my son-in-law brought his colleagues. I served them all I had, sparing nothing. But I had nothing but aggravation in return. They started on the pudding; all of a sudden something crunches between the teeth. Naturally, some time has passed since I first began hoarding the rice: a bug or two had crept in, or maybe a mouse left some traces. What can you expect? You can't put it all through a sieve.

My nephew is like all the young men of today: no respect. He chews a little, makes a face, spits it out and says: 'Excuse me, auntie, but I'm not accustomed to eating victuals with bugs and the leavings of mice in them. They serve us better stuff in the commons.'

Then he asks: 'What kind of a peculiar evaporated milk have you here? My gracious, don't tell me it's from '20? Well,' says he, 'auntie, I can see your brains are in the same evaporated state as the milk. For whose wedding were you saving it? Don't you know that it can be obtained anywhere nowadays?'

Here my son-in-law chimes in: 'Likewise the flour in the pie smells of naphthaline. No reason for you, mamma,' says he, 'to inaugurate all this economy. Should have bought new flour and baked a whacking fine pie.'

I serve jam—good jam from '28—and

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it turns out to be all candied. 'You should have bought some in Gastronom,' they tell me. All the aggravation I had that evening . . .

For what, please clarify, did I hoard the stuff? Denied myself things? Invested all that money? What's money—it was my whole soul I put into it!

Meanwhile the nephew says: 'Too bad, auntie, that you've never read Jack London.'

'What good is your Jack London to me?'

'Jack London,' says he, 'wrote a story about how one starving man was rescued by a ship and began saving up provisions the minute he was aboard. Mind you, he was well fed; but he couldn't help wanting to hoard. He even stuffed biscuits into the holes of his mattress. And he was in his right senses, only he feared all the time that something would happen and he'd be reduced to starvation again. It was a mania . . .'

'Enough,' say I, 'you should be ashamed to reproach your own old aunt with Jack London.'

And the other day I see my granddaughter—just learned to talk—pulling some papers out of a drawer. I looked—goodness gracious, it's my old food cards that she's got a hold of. To tell the truth, I am still keeping them. I still have some herring owing on three coupons and soap on the fourth . . . You never can tell.

'Is it sensible,' say I, 'to play with such things? These are cards.'

'No pictures—why?' she asks, 'cards always have pretty uncles and aunts painted on them . . .'

'No, no. That's another kind of cards,' I say. 'These are different: we used to get bread on these.'

'Because you had no plates?' she says. 'Yes?'

'No, it has nothing to do with plates . . . We used to get the bread out of the shops. You know what shops are?'

'I know, that's where there are candies in the windows.'

'Well, candies you get by another coupon,' I say.

'Grannie,' she says, 'couldn't you give me a candy on this one?'

I can't understand the child: must be mentally retarded. Why, last year the children had hardly learned to talk when they would already run, crying: 'Auntie, they are giving butter out in the coöperative.' Otherwise how can one live? Some children are now growing up without ever seeing a bread-card, not even knowing what the word means.

But what do you think of my misfortune? Now I don't even know what to invest in. There's no place for a truly thrifty individual. Total ruination!

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A correspondent of the Vienna *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* writes a short account of the gradual curtailment of civil liberties in the Netherlands; a German sends a Hungarian paper a sketch of life among the people of Switzerland.

REFUGES *for* Refugees

The Netherlands and Switzerland

I. Holland Clamps Down

By Dr. O. R.

Translated from the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*, Vienna Democratic Daily

THE last occupational census of the Netherlands' statistical bureau showed that, of 175,000 residents in the Netherlands, 98,000 foreigners are engaged in various professions. The largest percentage is furnished by the Germans, who numbered 30,000 in 1920 and have more than doubled since. True to their liberal principles, the Dutch were for a long time unable to decide whether or not they should limit in any way the employment of foreigners living among them. It was necessary for the economic pressure to reach its present stage to bring this most hospitable country of Europe to the point of closing its borders to a further influx of foreigners.

On a percentage basis, the Netherlands has today the greatest number of unemployed in western Europe. More than 400,000 live with their families on the support of the State and the communities. Thus it was not surprising that toward the end of 1934 the Government set about reserving certain professions for its own workers. Originally 22 occupations were declared blocked. In recent months the number has slowly increased to 80, and some time ago the Minister for Social Affairs declared that a further rise was anticipated.

Among the occupations remaining free until now but about to be blocked, that of domestic help takes first place. Dutch women, insofar as they took to employment at all, always preferred

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the factory or the office, leaving domestic work to foreign women, chiefly from Germany and Austria. At the present time around 22,000 German and 5,000 Austrian domestic workers are estimated to be employed in the Netherlands. As the Minister himself explained, it is not anticipated that all of these will suddenly be deprived of work-permits. It will be a question of registering them and cutting off further immigration. Already a strict control is in effect at the border, and all who are unable to prove that they already have a position are denied entrance, despite the fact that visas are granted freely. The efforts of the Government are directed toward protecting not only the domestic labor market but also independent enterprisers and tradespeople.

II

The middle class in the Netherlands has been hit by the crisis to the same, if not to a larger, degree than the worker and farmer. The difficulties of the small business- and tradesman, however, are harder to grasp statistically. As early as 1934 the Government found it necessary to make the erection of factories by foreigners contingent upon a very strict examination. The reason was that German emigrants who already had a part of their capital in the Netherlands, or were now bringing it in, desired to settle in considerable numbers as independent enterprisers. An investigation shows that since April 1, 1933, more than one hundred new industrial enterprises have been founded by German emigrants—half of them in the textile industry. Since the quota system protects domestic industry only against competition from foreign imports, but not against foreign industrial activities within the borders, new regulations against foreign businessmen were necessary. The situation became more acute when foreign workers, deprived of their work-permits, became, in part, enterprisers themselves. This was especially true of the clothing business and certain crafts. Regulation in this field is probably not far off. It will not be limited to protective measures against foreign competition, but is likely to place all middle class enterprise under State control.

The new policy of State economy is constantly limiting the economic liberty of the individual. The various measures enacted in this sense in the last few years are of a social as well as an economic nature and are designed to do justice to the wishes of the political parties as well as to those of economic groups. Outwardly this interference by the State is visible in a great increase of central economic bureaus. It is making itself felt in all fields of political and economic life. The idea of professional organization is further expressed by the system of *bedrijfsraaden* (shop-councils). These are meant to reduce the social interests of employers and employees to their lowest common denominator. These councils limit the freedom of the employer in social questions. Economic independence in questions of production, distribution and price are also severely limited through 'officially encouraged' *cartels*, which are more or less compulsory.

Political liberty, too, has been subjected to certain limitations. The Government has proceeded against agitation from the Left and Right with sharp measures, unfamiliar in the Netherlands, such as prohibitions

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against wearing uniforms, holding processions and distributing literature, confiscation of presses found to have printed opposition newspapers, limitations on free speech, political meetings, etc. Recently a bill has been passed prohibiting the formation of private armies—this is directed principally against National Socialist squadrons. There is also talk of introducing advance censorship of newspapers and magazines. Critics point out that these economic and political measures have not materially reduced unemployment or political unrest. The Government, however, believes that the policy it follows is the only one that can lead the Netherlands out of the depths of the crisis, and it is supported in this conception by the major parties, including those not represented in it.

II. Days in Switzerland

By Otto Zarek

Translated from the *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest German-language Daily

ANYONE who keeps telling a brilliant and beautiful woman how beautiful she is insults her with his flattery. This is the fate of Switzerland, and the Swiss are sensitive to it. By this time they are well aware that their mountains are incomparable, their lakes of crystal blue, their hillside meadows fragrant with flowers. The ecstasy of the hotel visitor arouses a certain amount of contempt, often even sneers and hatred. The Swiss people have an existence of their own, as it were—an existence apart from Switzerland. They are peasants of exemplary economy, technicians of world rank, scientists, painters, even poets—and last but not least—politicians: above all, in their own opinion, politicians. They follow this profession traditionally, with great joy, with civic pride, with sober shrewdness and thoroughgoing patriotism. To discover the Swiss—and it is a real discovery, for the Chinese Wall of their mental isolation must be broken down—one must leave hotels far behind, penetrate into their homes and settle down as a guest at their fireside. One must be very modest; one must keep silent and listen; one must not pretend to know anything better, for one finds out very quickly that that is simply not the case. The best thing to do is to smoke one's pipe. The longer they see you quietly smoking, the fonder they grow of you.

But then suddenly worlds open. The fog recedes, and true feelings reveal their primeval power. There is friendship in Switzerland—indeed, a strange country! No longer is one a guest but rather a member of the family, like 'the stranger within the gates' of the Old Testament. Much that seemed impossible before now becomes permissible. There are apples to be picked from the trees and eaten before breakfast. The neighboring canton may be criticized as if one were a native. Political opponents may be characterized as foreigners because their families came to Switzerland in the 14th century. One may help to lug branches and stumps to the highest mountain to light the

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mountain fire—and that is a great honor.

The Swiss at home—that is a chapter by itself. Outside Davos, the noisy sanatorium town, full of sick people, I found in the tiny villages of the high valleys farmhouses with huge libraries built into the wood-paneled walls. When the crop is in, the Davos peasant of old Wallis stock reads Schopenhauer, Hamsun and Thomas Mann. His critical judgment is very sure. It is significant that the great art critics of the world, Jakob Burckhardt and Heinrich Wölfflin, are Swiss.

II

It is the 'inner Switzerland' that really presents the true spirit of Swiss life, free of all dross. Who of the thousands traveling on the Express from Zurich to Berne leave the train at Aarau, the capital of Aargau canton? Here the country is level, though still surrounded by mountains. No wild mountain torrents foam in the valleys; instead industries have settled here, and bright new buildings have replaced rhododendrons and gentian fields. Aarau is an old town, a cultural center. Among the countless people who have left its school to set their mark on the world was a precocious, dreamy boy, always ready for a schoolboy prank, a boy who had often amazed his teachers by his stupendous ability in the field of mathematics. He was not particularly outstanding in school, excepting one time when, at fifteen, he climbed the Sikoretta Mountain with two friends, without permission and without a guide, and almost fell into a crevasse. At that time he was reported to the high and mighty rector and severely reprimanded. Chuckling with delight, the older gentlemen tell stories about this schoolmate of theirs, for his name is Albert Einstein.

A local railroad goes up the Wynen valley to Menziken, the birthplace of those who helped to make the canton rich. I visit the schoolhouse 'Auf der Burg' which takes its name from the old castle it has replaced. It is a sunny, brand-new building with all the modern pedagogical equipment. Its schoolmaster is the genuine 'unknown Swiss' whom the tourists never get to see. Early in the morning he works in the garden; after dinner he plays with his child; then he reads till evening. In the evening he conducts the men's choir of Beromünster, a neighboring town. Late at night the intellectuals of the valley gather around his jovial board. Here Jakob Wassermann lived for a long time; in this very room he worked on *Kerkhoven's Third Existence;* in this very cozy corner he read the latest pages of his novel to the schoolmaster of Burg, one of the most ardent admirers of modern art.

The intellectual center of Zurich is at present outside the city in the friendly Küsnacht; here Thomas Mann has made his home. This beautiful Küsnacht, blooming with flowers, is now the Mecca of liberal thought. From the bank of the lake it stretches up along the wooded hillside; it spreads along the meadows with its compact houses, not one of which is extravagant but all of which are well-groomed, modern and comfortable. High above the others stands Thomas Mann's house. It is only rented, but Frau Katja, his faithful companion, has imparted the warm South German atmosphere of coziness to all the unfamiliar rooms. The author's study is

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his pride; he says that it is even better than the study in his Munich home. From it one has the loveliest view of the deep blue lake surrounded by the white-crested chain of the Alps. In the living room, which is like a reception hall, there stands, a remnant of the beloved home, a big cupboard from the author's library, and two gigantic wood-carved candelabra, dating from Lübeck's Renaissance period, which have been with the author of *Buddenbrooks* ever since his childhood.

The house is a shelter for his six children, who occasionally come together from many lands. The youngsters live there; they are master musicians and will soon give concerts. Golo, the young philosopher, is lecturing in St. Cloud; he is, however, a frequent visitor in Küsnacht where he is completing his study of Hegel or discussing timely philosophical issues in Swiss or French papers. Erica is on the road with her group. Sometimes Klaus appears, the young novelist, who has already established a reputation for himself and has been quite successful.

At the table there is a feeling of comfort, so characteristically German. The peculiar humor of Thomas Mann, so worldly-wise and good-natured, and yet when a serious occasion demands it, evincing both vitality and penetration, seasons all discussion on the topics of the day, and makes it palatable. When the meal is ended, and coffee and, true to Northern custom, the bitter-sweet *Kümmel* or brandy are served in the living room, the conversation becomes freer. We discuss the writer's work, that ripens toward its completion in hospitable Switzerland, which is doing its best to become his second home.

Little Switzerland, with its few million inhabitants, this nation of peasants and bookreaders, represents a large percentage of true culture, of European intellect. To the stranger she offers her beauty; to the friend she offers her spirit.

Haile Selassie's Peace Plan

The Council of the League of Nations received today the peace plan submitted by the Negus. His Majesty has deviated slightly from the precedent established by Messrs. Laval and Hoare, but he likewise indicates his sincere desire to end a conflict which has been condemned by the League of Nations and by all civilized peoples.

The south of Italy, that is to say, Calabria, as yet uncivilized (who has not heard of the Calabrian outlaws?), and Sicily are to be completely and entirely ceded to Ethiopia. The regions of Abruzzi and Sardinia will form what Messrs. Laval and Hoare once called 'the zone of economic expansion,' that is, a zone reserved for Ethiopians only. Lastly, Lombardy and Piedmont will be placed under the control of the League of Nations. Far from wishing to make an assault upon the moral integrity of Italy as a nation, the Negus will leave Mussolini the Romagna, the immediate vicinity of Vesuvius, the city of Rome proper, and the whole Holy City of the Vatican.

The Council of the League of Nations will decide upon this plan in the near future. Peace is on its way.

—Jules Rivet, in the *Canard Enchaîné*, Paris

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BOOKS ABROAD

HITLER. *By Rudolf Olden. Amsterdam: Querido Verlag. 1936.*

(R. H. S. Crossman in the *Spectator*, London)

THE English tourist who crosses the German frontier moves at once into an entirely strange world. But he does not know it. The railways, the hotels and the museums—the only parts of Germany which he really sees—are just as they were in the days of the Republic. But under this superstructure of international respectability lives a nation whose economy, morality and religion have been completely transformed. So complete is this transformation that anyone who is initiated into it soon begins to believe that England is an unreal fantasy. Imperceptibly he accommodates himself to the new standards: imperceptibly he accepts the life of Nazi Germany as the normal life of the modern State. When he returns to England, the reverse process occurs. Again he feels himself in a dream world, a world of law and order where you can speak without fear of spies, where truth is attainable and where decent people do not always go in fear of their lives. Gradually he accommodates himself to the change, and Nazi Germany in its turn becomes a nightmare, something which you read about in the penny papers but which cannot really exist.

Anyone who has lived in both England and Germany will recognize this feeling of hallucination which overcomes the traveler as he moves from one country to the other. He cannot simultaneously believe both worlds to be real. In reading Olden's new book I had a similar sensation. For the first fifty pages I felt: 'This cannot be true: it is grotesquely one-sided, a malicious parody of the facts.' As I read on, I began to settle down again in Nazi Germany. The feeling of nightmare passed: this was the sober truth, the German truth which no one who has not experienced a little of it can possibly believe. This farrago of sadism, idealism and cunning is the biography of the Founder of the Third Reich. It is interesting to observe how Olden has achieved this effect. He has added very few facts to the data already gathered by Conrad Heiden in his *History of National Socialism* and by Arthur Rosenberg in his *History of the German Republic*. Apart from some sordid details about Hitler's family, and some recollections of his Vienna days furnished by a fellow-vagrant, there is little new material in this book. As history it is sketchy and disjointed: no solid framework of economic or political causation is attempted. Instead, Olden has immersed himself in the turgid waters of *Mein Kampf*. His biography is indeed a brilliant commentary upon Hitler's own autobiography, with parallel passages from Goebbels' reminiscences.

Olden's commentary makes one fact incontestably clear—the consistency of the Leader's policy. *Mein Kampf* was published ten years ago. Hitler has never swerved from the principles there enunciated. In it he laid all his cards upon the table—his objective, the destruction of the weak, the triumph of the strong; his methods of propaganda, the repetition of simple slogans until they are believed; his tactics, to side with the influential people and to use every means to power available; his panacea for social evils, the annihilation of the Jews; his political program, to maintain capitalism, to increase armaments and to win the war of revenge. Everything was to be read in *Mein Kampf* by anyone bold enough to brave its style.

From the day of the Munich *Putsch*, when the Reichswehr fired on the S.A., Hitler decided to keep on the safe side of the Law and of the Army. His revolutionary supporters said to themselves that the

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Leader was a clever man to talk in that way. But he meant it, as those revolutionaries found to their cost on June 30th. Equally clearly he maintained his intention, at whatever cost, of exterminating the Jews. His conservative backers thought it excellent election chatter. But he meant that too. He has been completely open and outspoken; but friend and foe alike have heard only what they wished to hear. Will he have the same miraculous success in foreign affairs? Here too *Mein Kampf* is unequivocal. And yet, charmed by the magic of his personality and their own wishes, the foreign Powers, too, seem inclined to say: 'He cannot really mean it: after all he must be a normal, intelligent man.' Nothing has contributed more to his success than this belief that, when it came to a pinch, Hitler would behave in the normal way. But Hitler is not a normal man.

What is it that makes him the prodigy that he is? Olden rightly points to the fact that his complete philosophy of life, apart from the finishing touches added by Alfred Rosenberg, was conditioned by his vagrant years in pre-War Vienna. His pan-Germanism, anti-Semitism, anti-Socialism, anti-Liberalism are all resultants of that dreary period when he slept in doss-houses and tinted picture postcards for a living. There has been no development since then, only adaptation to circumstance. For close on twenty-five years he has had no intellectual cares: in an epoch of doubt and uncertainty his adolescent fixations have suffered no change. Secondly, his conception of politics is peculiar. Denying the importance of economics, despising the working-classes as fools for whose intelligence no lie can be too stupid, he has remained unscathed by the worries which attack the normal politician and has felt no impulse to attack injustice or inequality. Profoundly respectful to the army, the capitalist and the *Junker*, he has longed only to abolish the system which deliberately gives to the weak and the oppressed weapons with which they can defend themselves against the strong. Rejecting the fundamental principle of democratic civilization, he has longed to restore the pristine glory of a Germany where the strong ruled and the weak were subject.

These are qualities which belong to many of us singly. Bestow them all upon one man and add the gift of illimitable rhetoric: you have created a national portent. Herr Hitler has been the supreme dissolvent of political parties. By substituting the *Weltanschauung* for the principle as the bond of unity, he has transformed the party into the amorphous mass. As Olden says, there is no Left or Right under National Socialism. For Left and Right imply differences of principle, whereas National Socialism is the denial of principle. Stripped of the political, personal and religious loyalties of common, democratic humanity, the nation becomes an obedient herd. In charge of the herd are a few discordant herdsmen, and behind the herdsmen dimly discerned stand the owners of the cattle. The owners are perhaps a little uneasy. They have paid the herdsmen well, but they realize that only one among them knows the word of command to which the cattle answer. If he should fail . . . But a kindly providence has arranged that Herr Hitler's respect for the powers that be is beyond question.

So Olden. Such ideas will seem fantastic to most English readers. I found them fantastic too, as I put Olden's book aside and returned to the routine of English life. And yet the suspicion haunts me that his fantasy happens to be the sober truth.

DACHAU—EINE CHRONIK. *By Walter Hornung. Zürich: Europa-Verlag. 1935.*

(Oscar Maria Graf in the *Neue Weltbühne*, Prague)

A BOOK has been published that bears the simple title: *Dachau—A Chronicle*. The author, previously unknown, seems to have begun writing only because of the experience he describes.

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The title of the book is well chosen. It is purely a record; although not a very pretty one, it is deeply stirring instead. Its impressiveness is accentuated by its wonderfully restrained and unadorned style. There are scenes in this book which even the most imaginative writer could not have written. Only one who has actually experienced the reality could have so set them down.

The writer, a former convict who was at the very beginning taken to the Dachau concentration camp, and who had to remain there until Christmas, 1933, tells of the gradual growth of the camp, of the indescribable brutality of the storm-troop guards, of the inhuman slavery of the prisoners and of the truly heroic grandeur of German workers, who, after a bitter defeat, stand together in suffering and degradation.

The record goes beyond this: it tells of the political events of the year 1933. It tells of the events that took place around the notorious June 30, 1934, after the author had been released. The book, therefore, becomes a contemporary document of great importance, giving much new information. It is a lasting memorial to all those unknown, silenced fighters, destroyed or still under threat of destruction by German Fascism.

In a short preface the author insists that he is giving a thoroughgoing and truthful picture of the largest concentration camp in Hitler Germany, the organization of which became a model for all camps. He continues: 'The horrors of my experiences have at times rather handicapped the description, for it is painful to rise against the land of one's birth, as it is painful to accuse one's own mother . . .'

There was no need for him to put it in words. One believes him after the first few sentences, for this book is true from beginning to end. Nor is it merely the ring of truth that makes the book so deeply impressive. The overwhelming fact is that unexpectedly and unwittingly we become the witnesses of a profound human catharsis. Not only the leading character, Firner, with whom the author identifies himself, but all the Socialist and Communist workers who languish and suffer in this living hell of Dachau rise above their torments to truly heroic stature. Even death finds them unbowed. Those that fall under the shots and kicks of the sadistic storm-troopers, showing their fortitude to the last, are forever enshrined in our indignant hearts. And all those who survive the horrors are hardened to the struggle for the future Germany of freedom.

No other book I have recently read made me feel so definitely that these workers will win. It should be smuggled into Germany by thousands of copies. It is a revolutionary deed! It stirs and lifts you up at the same time. It jolts the faint-hearted sceptic out of his lethargy and turns him into a fighter. Who can doubt that these are the Germans of tomorrow?

After a period in the dungeon, the former company-leader Zeuner, a Communist worker, is asked by the storm-troop commander if he still is a Communist. 'Commander,' he answers, 'I have been in the dungeon seven months. What can you expect from me? I am still convinced that a rebuilding of Germany is possible only in a Communist society!'

The author continues simply: 'The Commander answered Zeuner: "You are a man of character," and presented him with a pipe.'

Only a person who has gone through hell can report so simply. I don't want to say too much, but I believe that this 'Chronicle of Dachau' will remain. It will be read long after the new Germany has come into being.

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO. *By Gerald Griffin. London: John Long. 1936.*

(Cyril Connolly in the *Sunday Times*, London)

HERE at last is an English life of one of the most fascinating living enigmas, D'Annunzio. To understand him is to un-

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derstand the side of Fascism that is most alien to us, the cult of glory (I can think of no worse punishment for politicians than having to read one of D'Annunzio's war-speeches).

D'Annunzio has a threefold importance: as a novelist he dates so definitely that he is the last embodiment of the decadence of the nineties—the decades of Huysmans's satanism and Wilde's Salomes; as a poet he is the last grand character in the Byron tradition: romantic, cynical, scandalous and subversive. His life has been a series of great love affairs, debts, extravagances and *beaux gestes*.

His poetry is highly inflammable and characterized by rhetoric and affectation in the manner of Hérédia. Yet there is probably no living writer with such command of language. He is the Italian Swinburne, and yet able to write at times with a Dantesque simplicity. But like all verbal jugglers he suffers from his best work's being approached with the suspicion that is so rightly accorded to his worst.

Lastly, he is important as a man of action. Mr. Griffin points out that though he is open to criticism on almost all other counts, as a man of courage he is a phenomenon, and physical bravery still remains one of the most admired and admirable of human qualities.

Politically he is the precursor, almost the founder, of Fascism, and he could have been its leader, too, had he so desired. We see Fascism starting through his speeches and fantastically daring air-raids, as a small defeatist movement of heroes and patriots—noble in adversity yet gradually becoming aggressive with success, and frankly predatory with the annexation of Fiume: an episode in which the poet, unable to govern, and unwilling to abdicate, appears at his most adolescent worst.

For it is clear that from his first appearance as an incredibly gifted and dazzling boy he never really grew up. He pleaded the poet's exemption from taking any but a kind of Jolly Roger place in society, and lived entirely for the Elizabethan splendors of life: women, horses, hounds, duels, feasts and castles, irrespective of the obligations entailed in obtaining them. There is a story of a beautiful masked woman on a spirited horse who galloped up on moonlight nights to visit him in his Florentine villa and who turned out to be the poet himself doing a little publicity. Yet it is a serious fact to remember that the Elizabethans of today are the Fascists of tomorrow, and from the ranks of romantic and fearless adventurers are drawn the Roehms, the storm-troopers, the *arditi*, the black-and-tans.

But what a life! At seventeen a 'marvelous boy' with a face like a medieval angel and the literary world at his feet. Then a social success, a Byronian lady-killer; then a great popular author, the lover of Duse, internationally famous and also a lion in the small exclusive pre-War society of Paris, London and Rome. Then a vital single force in persuading Italy to join the Allies, and, in the war that followed, his country's greatest hero! After that a few months of absolute power, as poet-king of his tiny city state, and finally honored retirement with a lovely lake property and a pet cruiser.

Mr. Griffin has written an extremely outspoken and interesting book about him. Seldom are the living so stripped for examination! The book suffers from its arrangement according to different phases of the poet's activity, which occasions a certain amount of overlapping and repetition, and from the author's lapses into *journalese*. But it is a vigorous and topical piece of writing.

Mr. Griffin has fully grasped that his subject is more and less than a man and enabled the reader to realize this. D'Annunzio, with his rhetoric, his violence, his Nietzschean opportunism and his strange mystical belief in acts of personal bravery, above all with his fantastic patriotism, is the embodiment of the warlike side of Fascism, and as such is, unfortunately, more interesting now than ever.

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DEUTSCHLAND UND FRANKREICH. *By André Germain. Berlin: Deutscher Verlag für Politik und Wirtschaft. 1935.*

(From the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin)

THIS little book with the Swastika and the Tricolor on the binding was written in German by the Frenchman André Germain. Thus it is addressed directly to us Germans, and it is precisely for this reason that it ought to bear a sort of druggist's label: Use with Care.

Germain's sincerity in promoting an understanding between the two neighboring nations has in the twenty post-War years been proved too often to be doubted. And today less than ever, for at a very early period Germain tried to arrive at an understanding of National Socialism. This is shown by his book, *Hitler ou Moscou*, which appeared in 1931. Germain is today a convinced advocate and admirer of the Third Reich.

But the method which Mr. Germain uses in this book seems dubious to us. The representatives of France, those of yesterday and those of today, fare badly. For example, the author not only rejects Poincaré's policy, which led to the occupation of the Ruhr, but Poincaré himself is analyzed and is shown to us Germans as 'basically stupid, insignificant and easily influenced.' Other Frenchmen, among them Briand, are treated similarly.

Mr. Germain's language toward the France of today is so intemperately sharp that one feels it would be more appropriate in a French party paper. Even Mr. Germain is of the opinion that the basis for understanding is sincerity and mutual esteem. This would rule out any interference in the internal affairs of the other country. Certainly we follow with the greatest interest the development of our neighbor to the west—but that is not yet tantamount to complete understanding, which is possible only on the basis of realities. Mr. Germain apparently wishes to emphasize the basic world-view. He shows us a France so incurably corrupted by parliamentarism, freemasonry, crooked capitalists and friends of the Soviet that, as he assures us, there is bound to be revolution sooner or later. He would like to see the Rightist organizations win when the crisis comes. Let us wait and see!

LE SANG NOIR. *By Louis Guilloux. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française. 1935.*

(André Malraux in *Marianne*, Paris)

I DO NOT believe in criticism by authors. They have no business to speak of more than a very few books; and if they do even this, they do it out of love or spite, to defend their values, or to expound in a more or less specialized review some ingenious idea born of their reading. The professional critic, being a member of a definite profession, approaches a book as one of the many which it is his task to discuss; not so a novelist. He ought to understand the true nature of his task: which is to make other people love what he himself loves. As I did once before for Lawrence and for Faulkner when they were almost unknown in France, so I do now when I say that I like a book and explain why I like it.

It is a book that has its faults. Some of them are those of Faulkner. But it is sufficient to read the judgments of their contemporaries delivered on the greatest writers to understand the unimportance of such objections, even if well founded, in the field of art. Talent is not a result of balance. A book does not live (does not even live longer) because it is better than another. It either lives or it dies: art does not know a negative domain.

A little town with a wan sea not far from it and everything that the word 'province' suggests of walls silently decaying in the mists; the local intellectuals, the vague professors or amateurs who permit the decomposition of what little human dignity they are still derisively charged with maintaining. The war in which the whole country is plunged is reflected here only by the most servile approbation, by

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the gesture of the professor who addresses to his pupils a little moral discourse, showing them his dead son's sabre—and that of the mayor who in his matinal rounds as a milkman announces the deaths from door to door, and conceals the execution of a mutinied soldier. As soon as night falls, there emerge from their holes the vermin, those who have escaped even the idea of that patient agony which has penetrated beyond the twilight to the farthest extremities of Europe: the hunchback with the yellow dog and all her train, who are beyond even consciousness of death.

And yet it is death, sudden or slow, be it the sudden death that overtakes the soldiers or the slow agony of Merlin, alias Cripure, who, absorbed in it as if in his past revolt, sprawls on the cushions of a dusty, bloody carriage that, escorted by two motorcycle policemen, takes him to a hospital—it is death that is the principal character of *Black Blood*. It is death which draws its disorderly episodes into a kind of stifling unity. It is death which sooner or later confronts every one of its characters. Death permits him to whisper throughout the book that groping truth of the blind, at once indignant and desperate: 'men are not as great as their sorrow, men are not worthy of their death.'

The book seems like the negative print of an heroic fresco. It is an appeal to humanity worthy of its death. A certain complacence about the inevitable defeat adds to the confusion: the pity here is not without an admixture of hatred even toward the least impure of the characters; by describing them Guilloux wreaks revenge on his characters for being what they are. Yet it seems to me impossible to understand *Black Blood* if one does not see it primarily as an appeal. A fifteenth century poem describes the macabre dance around the averted figures of three immobile divinities, Love, Fortune and Death. Centuries after all three suddenly turn and the haggard dancers discover with terror that their gods are blind. *Black Blood* is a dance of the dead who want to force their gods to turn to them and open their closed eyes so that they may at last display human faces—the only one of their manifold aspects that could set the dead free.

For this book evinces the eternal grudge against reality of a poet whom the very nature of his talent compels to express himself not through lyricism but through this same reality. Flaubert (one sometimes recalls his universe in speaking of *Black Blood*) felt that rancor keenly; he hated in so many of his characters their indifference or disdain of art, which he himself considered a divine state. It is not the lack of art which is evinced by the shadows of this book in every one of their gestures; it is the lack of dignity born of the consciousness of sorrow; and that is why the lower these men sink the more socially-minded they become: for the greatest destroyer of men in men is the social ritual.

In this unwearying struggle of conformism and sorrow, in these discourses and preparations for the festivities during which the deputy's wife is to be decorated, in this entire atmosphere of parrots in a cemetery, we see the constantly recurring encounter of the grotesque and the tragic —saved from the artistic dangers that always beset such an encounter by the author's rare feeling for what is right. The admirable scenes between Cripure and Maia, the scene where Cripure is so absorbed in his sadness that he does not see the dogs wrecking his masterpiece—scenes like these show us again how badly put are the problems of realism, to what extent the will to express in western Europe has taken the place of actual description. The characters are described by the facts, but through so well defined a passion that a discussion of this book from a realistic point of view becomes as unreasonable as a demand that Madrid should resemble Goya's *Caprices*. With the exception of one character who appears in the book but does nothing, all the beings with whom Guilloux is dealing, those toward whom he is hostile, as well as those

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who are close to his heart, give the impression of being seen in a kind of phosphorescent light, which they themselves emanate. Each one lives by his own folly and the sum of all these follies is the obsession of the author, that perpetual encounter of a man with his sufferings of which I have spoken before. Hence, a premeditated deliberate illusion strong enough to impose its reality upon us in spite of an occasional excessive retardation of movement; this constantly produces the impression that here is a man speaking the truth, that this man could not do otherwise than write the book he has written. At present, this man is doubtless marching along the well-scoured streets of a small town full of failures, finding in each the traces of the color that he had once himself imparted to all of them, knowing hatred and his obscure hope that they can still be saved somehow.

Of how many books could one say that they were indispensable to the man who wrote them? The greatest art of all is to take the chaos which is the world and to transform it into consciousness, to let men control their destiny: such writers are Tolstoi or Stendhal; but the next best kind is the ability to take our own chaos and to stamp it with our own mark, to create men of shadows and to save whatever can still be saved of the most miserable lives by enveloping them in elements of greatness which they themselves do not even guess they possess.

ART IN THE U. S. S. R. *London: The Studio. 1935.*

(Herbert Read in the *Listener*, London)

THIS book is likely to be more embarrassing to the friends of Soviet Russia than to its enemies. It consists of a series of articles by Russian writers whose authority cannot be questioned—the president of the All-Union Society for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries, the secretary of the Society of Soviet Architects, the director of the Museum of Modern Western Art, the director of the Institute of Handicraft Industry; and the character of the art illustrated in the many excellent plates in color and black-and-white is amply confirmed by the pronouncements of these officials. Tendencies which for some time have been apparent in the examples of painting and sculpture which have been seen in this country are now revealed as predominant in all the arts and, if not enforced, at least encouraged to the exclusion of other tendencies.

These tendencies are in no normal sense revolutionary; they are, in fact, definitely reactionary. President Arosev, in his introduction to the volume, calls them 'the critical assimilation of the art of past centuries' and 'the method of socialist realism.' Though they are equally evident in all the arts, the development of the first tendency is most obvious in architecture; that of the second in painting and sculpture.

Immediately after the Revolution, the Soviets adopted for their immense reconstructive plans the so-called international or functionalist style of architecture, associated with the name of Gropius in Germany and of Le Corbusier in France. For a time all went well, and some fine buildings, few of which are illustrated, were constructed. But, says Professor Arkin in this volume, 'the methods of "functional architecture" could satisfy the requirements of Soviet society only during the first period of construction when it was necessary to meet the most vital and urgent needs in regard to new buildings and residences. At that time it was permissible to rest content with the simplest, the most economical architectural solutions, preferring no particularly high claims in regard to the artistic, plastic quality of architecture.'

Then, toward the end of the first Five-year-Plan period, came a radical change in the situation. The principles of 'functionalism,' we are told, were subjected to a thorough criticism, and it was discovered

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that the new architecture 'entirely ignored' such questions as 'the artistic effect and the artistic content' of architecture. It was agreed, therefore, that Soviet architecture 'should not only create technically most advanced and economical structures but that it should also fill these structures with great artistic content concordant with the great historic epoch in which we are living.' But such a content, apparently, could not be created by the epoch in question, so it was decided 'to make critical use of the best that has been created by world architecture in the past.' The 'orders' were restored to the prestige they had enjoyed under a capitalist régime; Corinthian capitals, Renaissance coffered ceilings, Egyptian lamps—all the eclectic *bric-à-brac* of the nineteenth century—were lavished on that triumph of Soviet architecture, the Moscow Underground Railway.

There is only space for two observations of this metamorphosis: it is based on a complete misunderstanding of 'functional' architecture, which, far from being 'a negation of architecture as an art,' is a reaffirmation of the only principles by virtue of which architecture ever became an art; secondly, the notion of filling architecture with a *content* is the pathetic fallacy which has been so often and so completely exposed during the last hundred years. Architecture is its own content; its form is an expression of harmony in spatial relationships, and to add any other 'artistic content' is merely to gild the lily.

Soviet painting is described by A. Bassekhes, and again the two general tendencies are affirmed. Soviet artists, we are told, 'now recognize the priceless value of the art legacy possessed by mankind' and tend 'least of all toward the uncritical breaking with the past.' But the past is the somewhat immediate past of the nineteenth century, for their trend is 'toward the depiction of definite subjects, towards realism.' The illustrations show paintings indistinguishable from the bourgeois canvases which fill the official academies of every capitalist country in Europe; and the same is true of the sculpture.

Russia has no strong tradition in the plastic arts, and since a tradition in art cannot be created in a day, even a day of revolution, it would be a mistake to expect the emergence of any number of great original painters and sculptors in that country. But it is not the quality of the art that is in question; it is its kind. There is every evidence in these pages, if nowhere else, that what Mr. Bassekhes calls 'the banner of realism' is a deliberately enforced doctrine in the artistic life of the Soviet. If we seek for an explanation, we shall find it not so much in the natural desire to portray the new life and achievements of the Soviets (that can be done more efficiently by photography and the cinema) but in the fallacy that art must be popular. When a nation deliberately attempts to make its art popular, it only succeeds in making it vulgar. The great artist is inevitably egregious, eccentric, difficult to understand; it is his function in the dialectical process of history, for there can be no cultural development without a leavening of the masses by a ferment which is strange to them.

Art is something more than information, passive enjoyment, reflection of reality; it is interpretation, exploration, transformation of reality. We can say without any bias, bourgeois or intellectual, that never, in the whole history of art, has 'realism' been the predominant characteristic of great art; the only periods in which it has emerged as a style are the most decadent periods of Egyptian, Greek, and Roman art and during the nineteenth century in Europe.

There is, of course, a sound psychological reason for this rule. The world of appearances is known to be transient and impermanent; but art is order and harmony. Art and 'reality,' in the Marxian phraseology, are dialectical opposites. The artist therefore seeks for stable forms beneath the fluctuating phenomena of nature, and the only question is the

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degree of stability or abstraction to which he shall reduce these forms. That degree depends on historical circumstances and may vary from the complete abstraction of 'pure form' to a formal enhancement of natural features. But never, if art is worthy of the name, is it a mere transcript of reality, 'a realistic portrayal of life and nature.'

There is one more significant aspect of the present situation which is worth noticing. Soviet Russia is not alone in raising 'the banner of realism.' At the moment there is being held in Dresden an exhibition under the title *Schreckenskammer der Kunst*, or 'Chamber of Horrors of Art,' in which examples of modern art purchased by German museums and galleries before 1933 are held up to ridicule. The exhibition has been visited by Herr Hitler and General Göring and has been a great success. As an adjunct to the exhibition there is a room devoted to paintings acquired since 1933—'the expression of a new epoch.' These pictures are *identical* in type with the pictures now being produced in Soviet Russia. We have the paradox, therefore, of two nations diametrically opposed in all their social and political ideology but united on this question of art. The reason for such a paradox is surely not far to seek: for both countries, in their immediate policies if not in their ultimate ideals, have exalted force above reason, dogma above toleration, discipline above discrimination. Art, in such an atmosphere, can only abdicate.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PICTURE DEALER. *By Ambrose Vollard. Translated from the original French manuscript by Violet M. Macdonald. London: Constable. 1936.*

(From the *Times Literary Supplement*, London)

WHEN an outsider wins the Derby it will certainly have had a much greater number of backers than all the modern French painters who eventually won at very much longer odds than any possible horse. It is reasonable to suppose that some skill was needed to find the winner, but one turns in vain to Mr. Vollard's memoirs if one hopes to learn his secret and the precise nature of his acumen. The most obvious explanation is that he had an altogether exceptional sensibility, but when he began to make his purchases, there appear to have been so many obstacles to the appreciation of painters like Renoir or Cézanne, that even the most highly trained sensibility might have gone astray. Only a few of the most eminent painters had an unprejudiced vision, and even they could not always be trusted. Manet and Renoir, as Mr. Vollard tells us, once painted pictures of Monet's family at the same time, and at the end of the sitting Manet drew Monet aside. 'You're on very good terms with Renoir,' he said, 'and take an interest in his career—do advise him to give up painting! You can see for yourself that it's not at all his job.' After this one may be excused for wondering how and why Mr. Vollard made so many *coups*.

As one might expect, even Mr. Vollard had some prejudices: it took him some time to like the pointillists, and, he very frankly says, he failed to back Modigliani before the odds had shortened. He tells us very little about how he escaped the almost universal prejudice against the impressionists and the earlier post-impressionists. He began as an assistant in a gallery which sold tedious paintings and even pictures of cattle. After selling an occasional impressionist there, under the disapproving eyes of his employer, 'Life in these surroundings,' he says, 'was beginning to be more than irksome,' and we next find him on his own and dealing in 'Forains, Guys, Rops, Steinlens, everything, in fact, that passed at that time for advanced art.' One may perhaps suspect that Mr. Vollard was himself 'advanced' by nature, that he was temperamentally inclined to belong to a minority and to believe that almost everyone is likely to be wrong. It is an unusual frame of mind in a merchant and in a man whose business it

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is to supply a demand, but what he calls 'the golden age for collectors' happened to be a time when almost everyone was wrong.

But Mr. Vollard's memoirs are not for the most part about himself. After a brief account of his early years and some entertaining chapters on the eccentricities of collectors, he proceeds to the most important part of the book, his reminiscences of artists and reports of their conversation. He gives at some length what he learnt from the painter, Mr. Charles Toché, of Manet's visit to Venice, a period in his life about which, as it appears, not much has hitherto been known. Manet's Venetian pictures look as if they had been quickly and easily painted, and they suggest, as Mr. Vollard remarks, 'brush-strokes put down definitely once for all.' In fact they almost resemble, though quite superficially, the watercolors of Sargent. But Mr. Toché saw Manet painting:—

'I discovered how he labored . . . to obtain what he wanted. The *Pieux du Grand Canal* itself was begun I know not how many times. The gondola and gondolier held him up an incredible time. "It's the devil," he said, "to suggest that a hat is stuck firmly on a head, or that a boat is built of planks cut and fitted according to geometrical laws."'

And he wrote down Manet's description of how he would paint a complicated scene of a regatta on the lagoon of Mestre, 'an incomparable lesson' as Mr. Toché described it, in the construction of a picture. The description ends with the impressive words, 'The picture must be light and direct. No tricks; and you will pray the God of good and honest painters to come to your aid.'

Manet was evidently one of those many painters who admire the works of others for what they can get from them. Inevitably he thought more of the Spanish school than of the Italians: 'These Italians bore one after a time with their allegories and their *Gerusalemme Liberata* and *Orlando Furioso*, and all that noisy rubbish. A painter can say all he wants to with fruits or flowers, or even clouds.'

It is an imposing prejudice, and very characteristic of almost every French painter as Mr. Vollard likes to represent them, models of sobriety whose middle-class virtues and common sense are paraded even in their art.

But it is only the good painters who possess these virtues, and their presence or absence makes it easy to perceive Mr. Vollard's preferences in a book which otherwise is commendably and deliberately free from the judgments and intricacies of art criticism. Once again, as in his earlier books, Rodin's exuberant romanticism is put forward as a contrast to the modesty of the true artist. He reports a meeting of Rodin's admirers in his studio. The master is made to dwell on the titles of his works, to which Mr. Vollard's favorite painters are quite indifferent.

'I can't find what I want today . . . or rather, too many titles occur to me at once. "Hope of the Morning," "Starry Night," "A Day Will Come," "Reverie . . ." I must allow time for my thoughts to clear. It was in a nightmare that I hit on my best title: "The Kiss."'

His vanity appears to have been overwhelming. 'Positively,' he said, 'I have only to go and smoke my pipe before a block of marble that one of my pointers is at work on, and it is as though I myself held the chisel.' Mr. Vollard described to Renoir how he had seen Rodin surrounded by pupils enlarging the master's work while he stroked his beard. 'That reminds me,' Renoir answered, 'of an engraving in a *Lives of the Artists of Antiquity*, showing stonemasons busy in a workshop, while on a couch reclined a man crowned with roses. He was the sculptor.' It must be admitted that Mr. Vollard's reports of Rodin's conversation differ greatly from other reports of his often excellent criticism by more sympathetic listeners.

On Cézanne, Renoir and Degas Mr. Vollard has not much to tell that has not

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already appeared in his brief *Lives* of these painters; but there are many reminiscences of other artists, and here again the bad painters are treated with very little mercy. Meissonier is shown painting from a model landscape with figures arranged by one of his pupils and covered with a white powder to represent snow:—

'When I painted my *Retreat from Russia* instead of boracic acid I used caster sugar. What an effect of snow I obtained! But it attracted the bees from a neighboring hive. So I replaced the sugar by flour. And then the mice came and ravaged my battlefield, and I had to finish my picture from imagination. It almost looked as though I should have to wait for the snow to fall if I wanted to paint a winter landscape.'

But when Degas painted horses from wooden models and landscapes with scarcely a glance at nature, this is made to appear by the most minute adjustments in the tone of the conversation as the reasonable economy of an artist intent only on the essentials of his art.

There is some account of Maillol, Whistler, Odilon Redon, a little about Gauguin and Monet, and some pleasing descriptions of the '*Douanier*' Rousseau. Mr. Vollard, it is interesting to learn, 'often wondered if that simple, not to say slightly bewildered, air that struck one in *père* Rousseau was not a mask behind which he concealed himself, and whether at bottom he was not a sly dog.' He also describes Rousseau's trial, when his simplicity led him to be suspected of forgery, and his advocate showed the magistrates one of his pictures. 'Can you still doubt,' he asked, 'that my client is an "innocent?"' and he was acquitted. Of later painters, such as Matisse, Picasso and Rouault, he has some slight and amusing anecdotes.

In everything that he writes, in his descriptions of Paris at the beginning of the War, of sitting to several painters, of his work as a publisher, of his difficulties in buying a country house, of the pigeons in Clemenceau's garden and of the intricacies of bureaucracy, Mr. Vollard has an agreeable air of mock simplicity, a malicious and individual wit, and his memoirs as a whole make an excellent sketch of a fascinating period in the history of art. The English translation, which appears to be adequate though sometimes carelessly written, has appeared before any French edition of the book, and it is illustrated with a number of remarkable pictures, including a most curious work painted by Cézanne at the age of eighteen, and a number of engravings by various modern artists made to illustrate books published by Mr. Vollard.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

The Chinese Art Exhibition

AT THE turn of the century polite drawing rooms everywhere from Mayfair to Fifth Avenue were cluttered with Chinese furniture, vases, *objets d'art*. It was a vogue that might have been traced back to Edmond de Goncourt and the passion he had for the art of the Far East. But it was also true that Peiping had recently been seized and pillaged. With the alarming cry that all Christendom was in danger, the associated powers had succeeded in occupying the Forbidden City, and the world was once more saved. It was a gesture nicely timed. For not only was China preserved for the several trading nations; so also were vast quantities of its artistic riches. At the same time that order was being reëstablished in Peiping, its shops and palaces were being plundered of things which, a short time later, found their way into the art marts of the West.

And from the art marts into the drawing rooms of polite society. But drawing rooms, like everything else, follow the turn of events. As cheap imitations began to flood the market the vogue for things Chinese ripened and petered out. A porcelain Buddha or a red lacquered table were not, in fact, quite proper any longer; and by the outbreak of the War were to be seen nowhere outside of the museums. But the irony of the business is that when their places had been filled by other objects, their memory became cloyed by a slightly bad, *fin de siècle* taste.

This is not to suggest, obviously, that there was anything inherently in bad taste about the art of China. The truth of the matter is that it was a poor bedfellow: all efforts to domesticate it failed. It was not primitive, in which case it could not affect its environment. Nor was it exclusively decorative, in which case it might conceivably condition the quality of its environment. On the contrary it was definite, positive and complete. So much did it command individual attention, in fact, that even among the heterogeneous hodge-podge of the late Victorian drawing room—where practically anything and everything else was in order—it struck a jarring, discordant note.

But it is not my intention here to plead the case for Chinese art. On the contrary it is a question now, some forty years later, of going back to that late Victorian memory, isolating it from the hideousness of its Occidental associations, then revaluating and restoring it to its true quality. In this frame of mind there will be no wholesale pillage, nor, for that matter, frivolity of vogue: a contrite and reformed world will see to that. Instead an Englishman by the name of Sir Percival David, a scholar and not a soldier, will persuade the Chinese Government to lend many of their finest national treasures for an exhibition to be held in London. Soon he himself will journey to China, supervise the consignments and see that they are carefully packed and safely loaded on a British warship for the voyage westward. Later he will scour the collections of Europe and America for masterpieces and examples of Chinese art.

The result is the International Exhibition of Chinese Art, which opened the first of this year at Burlington House in London. Such an exhibition seemed inevitable. In the first place the misapprehensions concerning Chinese art, alluded to above, had become so general that it was imperative to present a tableau of this art in all its phases as a consistent and logical development over a span of forty centuries. But it was also necessary to do this, not relatively to Western art (which heretofore had been

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the great pitfall), but in terms alone of Chinese art. Or, as Eric Newton says in his impressions of the show in the *Manchester Guardian:* 'We in Europe are accustomed to the clash of rival theories—classic versus romantic, classic versus baroque, realistic versus impressionistic, representational versus abstract. These petty wrangles would doubtless mean less than nothing to the Chinese artist who from time immemorial has based his whole endeavor on the expression of that "rhythmic vitality" which is the first of Hsieh Ho's (six) canons and who has refined and perfected his technical skill for the attainment of that end alone.'

Again, it was necessary to correlate all the arts and crafts of China within the matrix of one national tradition. I say arts *and* crafts, since with the Chinese there has never been a distinct professional dichotomy between the two provinces as there has been in the West. Bronzes, pottery, sculpture, porcelain, metal work, painting, lacquer, enamel, calligraphy—each and all are manifestations of the same impulse, namely, to achieve through concentration and manual skill the illusion of spontaneous expression. One may, of course, object that such an intention fails to take into consideration the purely functional purposes of, say, a piece of pottery or a screen. The answer is that the Chinese artist is simply embroidering the forms that have been given him, and doing so within the definitely prescribed limits of a vocabulary. Just as a Western artist, in seeking to achieve a more beautiful lettering, would never go beyond recognition of the alphabet, so the Chinese artist never does more than rearrange an already created world.

ALL seem agreed that Mr. Leigh Ashton, of the Victoria and Albert Museum, has proven himself a great authority on Chinese art in his handling of the present exhibition. Realizing that the transition from the streets of London into the realms of 'Tang,' 'Sung,' or 'Ming' in order to be fair must not be overly abrupt, he has seen to it that the visitor's mood is first appropriately conditioned. As the critic of the *Times* writes: 'Certain special effects of display must be noted. The first is that of the colossal marble *Standing Figure of Maitreya Buddha*, about twenty-two feet high, which comes into view of the visitor, from the head downwards, as he ascends the stairs. With its subtle smile and outstretched handless arms, it not only extends the welcome of China but suggests the right mood for the exhibition.' As for the disposition of the exhibition, he says further: 'The arrangement is by periods, or dynasties, in chronological order, all the productions of each period—bronzes, jades, paintings, sculptures, ceramics and textiles—being grouped together, so that the distinctive flavor of each dynasty is brought out.'

Amid the general enthusiasm which has greeted the show it may be worth while to point out several aspects in which it appears to excel. In examples of Chinese painting, for instance, it seems to be especially strong. Again hear Mr. Newton: 'Here are hundreds of paintings, each repaying the closest scrutiny, each expressing a new mood and finding a new means of expression. Pale birds drawn feather by feather, rocky landscapes "slashed in" in half-inch-thick lines, mountain scenes emerging from mist with an infinity of detail, bridges, lakes, boats and little houses. One of the most famous of the scroll paintings is the forty-foot-long painting of the *Myriad Miles of the Yangtze* by Hsia Kuei, in which every mood of the great river is described in vivid calligraphy. . . . But perhaps the most amazing *tour de force*, both in subtlety of composition and technical mastery, is Ma Fen's *The Hundred Geese*. The use of graded depths of the ink to suggest distance, the freedom of the brushstrokes, the sinuous lines of flying birds wheeling and turning and swooping, each one a miracle of observation and each fitting

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into the main phrase of the composition as notes fit into a melody—all this has to be seen to be believed.'

The collection of bronzes, beginning with examples from the remote Shang and Chou dynasties (18th to 7th centuries B.C.), seems likewise very noteworthy. As Simon Harcourt-Smith reports in the *Sunday Observer:* 'The most eminent bronzes at Burlington House date from before the end of the period known as the Spring and Autumn Annals (c. 500 B.C.), before the ceremonial and archaistic significance had grown paramount. Within the frame of a convention already antique the bronze-smiths of that remote age contrived an infinity of subtle variations in form and ornament; inlay of all kinds was pressed into service . . . Over a butcher's chopping table from Shou Hsien in Anhui Province, which once steamed with offal, sinologists now incline in knots of ecstasy; out of a *kuei* that mutton broth once bubbled in there comes an echo of the strange elegance which walked hand in glove with gangsterism in that violent age of Chinese history.'

Perhaps as much could be said for the jades, over which those qualified to judge have been lavish in their praise. And so on continuing, in fact, until the whole vast display might be covered. For nothing, apparently, has been omitted to make this show the most comprehensive of its kind ever held, at least in the Western hemisphere.

—Paul Schofield

The Salon d'Automne

THERE was a time when the Salon d'Automne, in contradistinction to the Salon de Printemps, was animated by a great ideal, a great purpose, a great mission. Under Frantz Jourdain, who inaugurated it thirty-five years ago, this vast annual array in the Grand Palais in Paris was intended to air the talents of '*les jeunes*,' and through them the merits of the 'new painting.' But now a third of a century has passed; the new painting has become catalogued, accepted, even classic; and '*les jeunes*' are all old men.

Still the Salon d'Automne persists, and this year it was the bright idea of M. Barat-Levraux, the present director, to arrange the paintings by generations, that is, by the age of their respective authors. It seems, however, that this ingenious plan miscarried—possibly owing to objections by '*les anciens*.' At any event a compromise was effected, whereby the old hats have all been grouped in one wing of the gallery and the young bloods in the opposite. This arrangement is what the critic of *Le Temps* called '*tout de logique*,' which should be enough to convince any Frenchman in the street.

As for the work itself, it appears to bear out the proposition that post-impressionism is a period gloriously finished. In the old wing color, composition and form, considered as ends in themselves, predominate. In the young wing, on the other hand, it seems that '*les gosses*' have set about painting (of all things!) the French scene. Nothing stuffy, nothing ancient, here. Indeed, such right-up-to-the-minute freshness as a canvas entitled *Pilote*, which depicts the arrival of an aviator at an airport; or such a contemporary anecdote as the *Translation du Corps de Sa Majesté Alexandre de Yougoslavie*, by one Camille Liausu. All painted, of course, with plenty of sentimental detail; never garish, but right and true and correct enough to preclude all ambiguity.

It seems that a portrait of Frantz Jourdain by Albert Besnard greets the visitor as he enters the Grand Palais. And grouped around the old director, like guards of honor, hang canvases by Cézanne, Gauguin, Renoir and Redon. They are there, no doubt, to pay him homage. Also, they are there to return a favor which he once conferred on them. But I don't see how they can possibly be there to recommend what lies within—a cross section of contemporary French painting.

—P. S.

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AS OTHERS SEE US

An Englishman Looks at the Constitution

IT IS perhaps a fitting reflection on the state of American politics that the European press greeted the Supreme Court's decision on the A. A. A. with far more concern than most of our own papers displayed. Men of all shades of opinion in all countries wrote in all languages that the decision clearly revealed the urgent necessity of amending the Federal Constitution. Of the many comments that were made, one of the most thoughtful was by the brilliant political economist of the University of London, Mr. Harold J. Laski. Writing in the Liberal *Manchester Guardian*, Mr. Laski said:—

The decision of the Supreme Court in the recent Agricultural Processing Tax case may well be regarded a generation from now as its most momentous decision since the Dred Scott case, which, eighty years ago, precipitated the American Civil War. It is not merely that by a surprisingly narrow construction of the Constitution it has destroyed the most popular and the most successful part of the Roosevelt experiment. It is not merely, either, that, following upon the 'New Deal's' overthrow in the Schechter case last June, the decision has now laid its foundations in ruins.

It is even more important than these things, first, that it virtually withholds from the President and Congress the right, in the twentieth century, to intervene in the regulation of commerce and agriculture; and secondly, that it does so by a technique of constitutional interpretation which, behind the façade of law, makes 'reasonableness' in legislation a matter settled not by the views of the President and the elected Legislature but by the private social philosophy of a majority of the Supreme Court.

The decision is a staggering one less because of the particular legislation it destroys than because, as Mr. Justice Stone pointed out in his remarkable dissenting opinion, of the grounds upon which that legislation is destroyed. The Schechter case laid it down that there shall be no Federal regulation of industrial conditions; this was held to be an invasion of the sovereignty of the States. The new decision adds thereto the fiat that the taxing power of Congress shall not be used to promote the general welfare of the American people in any instance where the subject matter involved is vested in the States by the Constitution. Everyone knows that the States were powerless to deal effectively with the issues raised by the collapse of farm prices; the Supreme Court's answer is that if the States cannot deal with it, no one else can. Some fifty million farmers and their dependents are to suffer because the founders of the American Constitution could not foresee the kind of world in which we are now living.

And it is impossible, given the canons of construction accepted by the Court, to set limits to the implications of the decision. In principle, at least, it seems to strike into impotence all Federal aid to education, to the unemployed, to vocational rehabilitation. It seems to attack the immense effort of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, the Tennessee Valley experiment, the attempt to control the public utilities and the marketing of securities. Though it is a commonplace that none of these things can, under modern conditions, be undertaken adequately by the States, the Supreme Court says that rather than that they shall be undertaken by the Federal Government they shall not be undertaken at all. It is not going beyond the mark to say that;

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short of constitutional amendment, the Supreme Court has announced that the Constitution denies to the only authority which can effectively regulate the right to regulate effectively.

On what grounds? On the ground, above all, that under the division of powers of 1787 the authority taken by Congress is an 'unreasonable' invasion of functions confided to the States. That word must be read in the context of another recent decision that a Federal statute ordering railroad companies to set up retiring pension schemes for their employees was an 'unreasonable' violation of liberty of contract; was, therefore, a denial of due process of law. The Court's conception of 'reasonableness,' in a word, is built upon a social philosophy which Congress does not accept, which does not even commend itself to a significant minority (Brandeis, Cardozo and Stone) of its own members.

It is a quarter of a century since Mr. Justice Holmes, the most distinguished member of the Court since Marshall, reminded his brethren, over a similar issue, that 'the Fourteenth Amendment does not enact Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Social Statics."' It is well over a century since Marshall himself urged the Court to realize that 'it is a Constitution we are expounding.' The success of the doctrine of judicial review depends wholly upon the willingness of the judges not to insist upon the substitution of their private view of what is wise social legislation for the view taken by the Federal or State Legislatures, granted only that there is no obvious violation of the plain letter of the Constitution. It depends, also, upon the willingness of the judges so to form its spirit as continuously to adapt its working to the needs of new times.

The decisions of the Court upon the Roosevelt experiment show, decisively, that it is willing to do neither of these things. It stands by a conception of property rights (as in the railroad pension case) which was not only obsolete forty years ago in this country but which the habits of the Court from 1916 to 1933 had led one to hope was obsolete in the United States also. It stands by a conception of the division of functions between State and Federal government which leaves to the former obligations it cannot, in the nature of things, undertake, while it deprives the latter of the right to afford the American people the aid expected from it. Its conception of property confers right without the duty of fulfilling the modern conception of the duty inherent in right; its conception of Federalism strikes into impotence the elementary powers required by any Government in a modern society.

THE English student of the American situation can best, perhaps, appreciate the meaning of the Supreme Court's attitude if one says that, broadly speaking, it would have meant that the House of Lords would have declared unconstitutional pretty well the whole body of our social legislation since 1906 on the ground that they were matters which either fell to be dealt with by the local authorities or were so detrimental to the rights of property as to be beyond the powers of any Government. An Englishman would say that such an attitude is a plain violation of common sense. Yet it is, in effect, the stand the Supreme Court has taken.

Over twenty years ago, in the Home Rule debates, Mr. Asquith (as he then was) was pressed to accept a Unionist amendment which sought to give to the judicial committee of the Privy Council powers over Irish legislation similar to those enjoyed by the American Supreme Court over the legislation of Congress and the State Legislatures. He bluntly refused on the ground that this would entrust a judicial body with a political discretion it could not hope to exercise without involving itself in passionate controversy certain to impair the respect in which a judiciary should be held; and he pointed to American experience as the justification of his

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refusal. Few observers will watch the present developments in the United States without a profound conviction that Mr. Asquith was right.

The issues the Supreme Court has raised will not be settled in a day or a year. What has now come into view is the need for the ample revision of the foundations of the Constitution. It will not be easy to secure this revision. Behind the attitude of the Supreme Court are ranged State authorities traditionally jealous of their historic rights, business men who look with anger and dismay at the development of liberal legislation, an amending process as difficult as any in the Constitutions of modern States. And behind these issues as formal problems of law there is a deeper conflict. It is the question of the objectives to which the American Commonwealth should be devoted. A political democracy seeks, as the President has insisted, to use its power for the promotion of the interests of the common man. There stands in the way of that purpose a body of vested interests which live by an obsolete social philosophy in which the rights of property are placed before the claims of the common welfare. It is that obsolete social philosophy the Supreme Court seems determined to protect. In doing so it brings into view those fundamental questions of the State the discussion of which, as Burke said, always takes a nation much farther than it is consciously willing to go. There will be grave and dramatic developments in the United States of the next decade.

An American Vignette

PIERRE GIRARD, writing in the *Journal de Genève*, contributes a series of his impressions of America. Here is a description of a mood he experienced while walking along Riverside Drive in New York City:—

For an hour and a half I have been walking along this northern Riviera with its cliffs of brick and granite. These fortunate river dwellers are the only ones in all New York who can see the sky, the forests, the sea. Their houses rise on the border of the Island of Manhattan, on the top of a steep hill that overlooks the Hudson. The wintry wind makes the waters livid and stirs the New Jersey woods. In spite of the busses belching blue smoke into the chill air, there is a silence full of strangeness. It is the characteristic American silence. It fills your ears just like American noise.

Here on this boulevard where my solitary steps are echoed by the façades of the buildings, while the wind wrinkles the water, I get a strange feeling of not belonging anywhere. I feel lost in time as well as in space. Nature here is so powerful, so ready to destroy man's works with one blow. One is seized here, as one never is in Europe, not even in the Alps, by a sort of planetary emotion. This promontory, the waves, the red sun, are they a vision of the world before or after man's coming? Everything here is full of violence and of virtue—the granite, the air, the ocean. The skyscrapers are not heavier upon this soil than the light wigwams of long ago. Suddenly I understand the secret of America. In the heart of this Manhattan, so swift and torrential, in the crowds compressed by streets too narrow for them, lurk the savages, flow the salubrious currents. In New York there are no trees, no flowers, no streams, and yet in it reigns the perpetual enchantment of the prairie. Europe, where for so long we have been treading on graves, where the cities are the vestiges of yesterday, where the decay of the ruins spreads to the structures built upon them—this Europe does not know the rumbling and stirring of the unknown forces that one feels in America.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Can We Be Neutral?

Neutrality: its History, Economics and Law. Vol. I: The Origins. *By Philip C. Jessup and Francis Deák. New York: Columbia University Press. 1935. 294 pages. $3.75.*

Freedom of the Seas. *By Earl Willis Crecraft. With an introduction by Edwin M. Borchard. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 1935. 304 pages. $3.00.*

The United States in World Affairs in 1934–1935. *By Whitney H. Shephardson in collaboration with William O. Scroggs. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1935. 357 pages. $3.00.*

American Neutrality, 1914–1917. *By Charles Seymour. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1935. 187 pages. $2.00.*

War Memoirs of Robert Lansing. *Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1935. 383 pages. $3.50.*

Woodrow Wilson: Life and Letters. Vol. V: Neutrality, 1914–1915. *By Ray Stannard Baker. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 1931. 409 pages. $4.00.*

Can We Be Neutral? *By Allen W. Dulles and Hamilton Fish Armstrong. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1936. 191 pages. $1.50.*

THE flood of books recently pouring from the presses—of which these under review are merely a sample—indicates that Americans are becoming seriously concerned over what is to be our rôle when the next world war breaks out. There is no question that by and large Americans are opposed to participation, and that relatively few are clearly conscious of the fact that war is an integral part of the capitalist system. It may be said, therefore, that the current discussion is honest enough: that those who favor the passage of neutrality legislation, whether by strengthening the arm of Congress or that of the President, do so in the interests of the maintenance of peace. Only among the spokesmen for finance-capitalism is there any understanding that the United States may become involved in war, notably in the Far East, not because of the violation of our neutrality rights but to strengthen our financial and commercial position as an imperialist power.

The books examined here will help throw considerable light upon the backgrounds of the present debate. *Neutrality: The Origins* is the first of a projected four-volume series on the history, economics and law of the whole problem of neutral rights and duties. Judged by the first volume, the complete work will constitute an invaluable contribution toward the understanding of the economics and law of modern war.

Very properly, Professors Jessup and Deák commence the story with the rise of merchant capitalism: for hostility between states began to appear when the conflicting interests of commercial rivals clashed in the extending market. The story, here, is carried down to the middle of the eighteenth century; subsequent volumes will round out the narrative. It is interesting to note that as early as the era of merchant capitalism, the pattern of rivalry, war and the anomalous position of the neutral emerges. The historical record clearly indicates that neutrals have always sought to push out the horizons of their normal trade during periods of war; hence the elaborate and heated discussions about their rights, centering in the two questions of what constitutes a legal blockade and what is contraband of war.

Freedom of the Seas, within much more modest limits, of course, is designed to answer the same question as that raised by the Columbia professors: what is the basis of current international policy, historically considered? Professor Crecraft, however, is regarding the problem entirely from the American viewpoint; his major emphasis is on the events of the past three decades; and he gives next to no consideration to the underlying economic factors. Nevertheless, the reader will find here excellent summaries of the diplomatic questions currently being discussed: of blockades, contraband, the rôles of the submarine and the airplane, consultation, sanctions, naval parity, and the like. Professor Crecraft gives no inkling of his own position concerning present American policy, unless the typical and justified American distrust of European professions of peace, which runs through the whole book, may be interpreted as a plea for American isolation.

The work of Messrs. Shephardson and

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Scroggs is a useful compendium. The fourth of a series, it is in effect a running history of contemporary American foreign relations derived for the most part from newspaper sources and such public documents as have been made available. The material is succinctly and intelligently presented, and the book is well worth including in the library of all those who pretend to follow international affairs closely. The current volume contains, among others, chapters on American-Japanese relations, the naval discussions, the United States and the League, and the general question of American neutrality as it has been affected by the findings of the Nye Committee and the outbreak of the Ethiopian War.

The next three volumes are of the first significance in that they indicate the position of the Executive in a critical situation; that is to say, in the preliminaries leading up to American participation in the World War. Professor Seymour, in his volume of essays, shows that the disclosures of the Nye Committee investigation have left him unmoved. To Professor Seymour economic pressure is proved only if it is direct and overt: that is to say, only the immediate physical contact between the bankers and President Wilson, if it could be established, would convince him that our entry had other than reasons of honor behind it. This position leads him to interesting and contradictory conclusions: neutrality legislation is futile, for it never can be foretold exactly what the reasons for future wars will be; on the other hand, the price of peace may be too high in economic terms.

Professor Seymour's program is to leave the Executive's hands untied and to engage in coöperative activities with other States to prevent the recurrence of war. He speaks hopefully of eliminating 'the basic causes of war, which can be attacked especially in the economic field;' and in the next breath concedes that there are certain instances in which capitalist nations must fight. His whole attitude is more than the traditional conservative one; it is, of course, ingenuous. Thus Senator Vandenberg has a much clearer understanding of historical causation than the professor. Senator Vandenberg, in commenting on the Nye Committee testimony, said:—

'In my view we see a clear demonstration that the commercial factor is an inevitable and irresistible impulse in these war equations. That can be said objectively. It does not attach to any particular individuals . . . it attached to our entire existence in our attitudes heretofore.'

Professor Seymour seeks to defend Wilson against those persons who would charge him with having yielded to 'sinister forces' (meaning Wall Street); as though anybody has seriously argued that. But there were, nevertheless, pressures constantly being applied on the President from among those who constituted his closest and most trusted advisers; such persons, notably, were Lansing, House, and McAdoo, not to speak of Page. These were Anglophiles and sought our involvement on the side of the Allies; day in and day out, the President was the center of their attack. *The War Memoirs of Robert Lansing*, in this sense, constitutes an amazing document: it is difficult to see how, as Counselor to the State Department and later as Secretary of State, he was other than recreant to his trust, which was the maintenance of American neutrality. Lansing was regarded by his chiefs as a faithful servant; therefore his prejudices could not but have poisoned the minds of those who were dependent upon him for presumably honest counsel. The same was true of all those others who were in the immediate confidence of the President. Mr. Baker's excellent fifth volume—unquestionably the best thus far in what was threatening to be an uninspired and pedestrian biography—indicates this clearly: here was the President, not too well informed himself as to the historical reasons for the World War, but instinctively suspicious of the British and originally committed to neutrality, compelled to retreat step by step as a result of the pressures being exerted by his inner circle of advisers. When, in October, 1915, Wilson yielded to the demands of Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo and lifted the ban against Allied long-term flotations in this country, the die was cast; Mr. Baker clearly understands this when he says that thenceforth our foreign policy 'was reduced to futility.'

These volumes raise important questions as regards the forms neutrality legislation is to take. Can the Executive, even granting his honest intentions, be subjected to this type of ordeal and reasonably be expected to be guided by the objective facts? Obviously, a harassed President, particularly during a war, is incapable of keeping his hands on every situation; he must depend on better informed, better technically equipped persons than him-

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self. And when such advisers may turn out to be men like Lansing, House, McAdoo, and Page it must be apparent that the dangers to peace will be numerous. Add to the picture the temperament of an Executive like Wilson—his capacity for self-delusion, his stubbornness, his ambitions—and it must be plain that not the Executive but Congress is the agency for the protection of American neutral rights.

Yet Messrs. Dulles and Armstrong would leave the Executive's hands completely free. Theirs is a strangely confusing book. In effect, *Can We Be Neutral?* underwrites the Roosevelt administration's demand for discretionary powers for the Executive. Their program calls for the following: 1. American travel in the ships of belligerents should be limited; 2. an arms embargo is to be imposed when the President sees fit; 3. long-term capital flotations in the American money market by belligerents are to be banned, but not normal commercial credits (obviously, sooner or later these latter must be converted into long-term obligations); 4. embargoes on manufactured goods and raw materials are to be imposed, but at the discretion of the President (otherwise, argue the authors, letting the cat out of the bag, our great commercial rivals might receive undue advantages; also, the weapon of the embargo would be dulled completely if we should ever want to come to the aid of democratic nations in peril, meaning China); 5. trade at your own risk is to be the key to a neutrality policy. The authors dismiss the proposals for a quota system of rationing and Mr. Baruch's cash-and-carry plan as impracticable. Like Professor Seymour, they are not convinced of the efficacy of such measures, and they end up hopefully by declaring that the only way of keeping out of war is by getting rid of war's causes.

This constant compromising of their position indicates plainly that Messrs. Dulles and Armstrong do not find war altogether repugnant. In view of the testimony of Messrs. Morgan and Lamont before the Nye Committee, this should no longer surprise Americans. Thus, we are to limit trade but not really stop it; we are not to finance long-term issues, but short-term credits are all right; we are to order our business men to trade at their own risk, but, of course, we are to defend them when foreign interference has a commercial and not a military purpose; we are to do nothing intrinsically that will hurt American business or increase unemployment; and never must we jeopardize our standing as a world power. Above all, we must continue to command the respect of other nations.

It must be apparent that such a program is worse than useless, for it engenders a false confidence. The arms traffic, credits, loans, travel on and use of belligerent merchant ships and the inflation of commerce beyond a peace-time basis are the causes that pushed us into the last world war; they will involve us in the next. On the basis of our earlier experience it must be plain that the investing of final powers in the hands of the Executive, to be applied by him at will, is a dangerous and futile expedient.

A realistic program for neutrality would call for the following: 1. Supreme power in the hands of Congress, to be exercised unremittingly as soon as a major conflict breaks out. We have a better chance of avoiding being sucked in with Congress at the controls, for the popular demand for peace is more likely to obtain a hearing from Congress than from an isolated and perhaps highly opinionated Executive. Also, it is imperative, at the present stage, to build up the position of Congress, for otherwise, if we should enter into a major war, there is not the slightest question that a move would be made to clamp a military-Fascist dictatorship on the country. 2. Neutrality legislation to be supported by popular organization for peace, with a militant program centering in trade union action. Only the workers, in the final analysis, can prevent, or at least delay, our being dragged in: and by demonstrations, strikes, the joining of hands with farmers, and a people's embargo, stop the manufacture of war and other materials and their shipment to belligerents.

In any case, whether American entry can be prevented, as long as Fascism is held in check through the weakening of the powers of the Executive, there will still remain the possibility of capturing the Government and transforming the economy. War is an integral part of the capitalist pattern: and War, and its twin sister, Fascism, must steadfastly be fought. The maintenance of Congress's position, constantly supported and corrected by an aggressive people's movement, offers an even chance for peace. Otherwise, as the books under review plainly indicate, we are doomed to enter the next world war before the first gun is fired.

—Louis M. Hacker

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CHINA'S MILLIONS. *By Anna Louise Strong. New York: Knight Publications, Inc. 1935. 457 pages. $2.50.*

IN THE final chapters of Miss Strong's book, she brings up to date the running account of what she saw in China in 1927, when the most spectacular of that country's revolutions was already dying its slow death at Wuhan. They form an account of the history of those districts where the Chinese soviets have persisted. Written in Moscow, which was farther from China in 1935 than in 1927, this part of the book suffers from distance and not from detachment. Lack of any authentic information about the strength and even the present location of these districts makes optimism about their chances of survival as much a matter of faith as the periodic predictions from Nanking of their extinction.

The bulk of the book was written in 1927. Most of it has been published earlier in scattered form. Except for a portion of Vincent Sheehan's 'Personal History,' there is no account in English which can compare with this story of the months leading up to the final collapse of the revolutionary nationalism which had swept northward from Canton to the Yangtze.

Miss Strong is frank in admitting that at first she did not see the fatal division of interests between the peasants and workers, organized under Bolshevist influence, and the *compradore* bankers and merchants who had financed the revolution and were eventually to compound its profits in the bond issues of Nanking. This only strengthens the conviction with which her record of the gradual break is told. She did not stay in Hankow, and her descriptions of Chengchow, where Chinese generals led by Feng Yu-hsiang dickered over terms of alliance, or of Hunan, where the landlords and merchants had already begun to wipe out the last vestiges of peasant control, are among the most convincing chapters in the book.

The middle section remains one of the classics of revolutionary literature. It is the Odyssey of Michael Borodin, professional revolutionary who took to China the lessons of his trade, learned in Chicago, Mexico, Turkey and Russia. After his alliance with the Kuomintang had broken down, he set off in a motor caravan with Miss Strong, Percy Chen, son of China's Foreign Minister, and a few of his followers, to cross the hinterland of China through Mongolia and back to Russia.

All other routes were closed to him. His wife was being held a prisoner by Chang Tso-lin. His mission had collapsed after more nearly achieving unity for China than any revolutionary movement since 1911. They crossed the mountains of Shensi and the Gobi Desert before they found, in Outer Mongolia, the first signs of the revolutionary spirit which was their own stock in trade. The story of this trip is told by Miss Strong without any attempt to reconcile its contradictory meanings of failure and a kind of ultimate triumph. Borodin in a curiously Russian way had made himself a part of the Chinese Revolution, and his flight expressed as perhaps no other incident of its development both the despair and the hope that it left in China. Miss Strong has described it simply, in a chronicle that is good reporting and may prove to be good history.

—JOSEPH BARNES

WHAT NEXT IN EUROPE? *By Sir Arthur Willert. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1936. 320 pages. $3.00.*

AS WARTIME correspondent of the London *Times* in Washington, member of many British delegations to many post-War conferences and recent head of the Press Department in the British Foreign Office, Sir Arthur Willert speaks with authority and accuracy on the future of Europe. To make assurance doubly sure he has just completed a personal tour of the Continent, to check up on the chief trouble spots in person. What is his verdict?

On page 7 we find him referring to Lord Grey of Falloden—a misprint, of course, though it is repeated the next time the late Grey of Fallodon's name appears. And surely it is careless proof-reading that transforms Herr Himmler, head of Hitler's Gestapo, into Himler on the two occasions he appears. But when Marshal Ludendorff, whose humble birth prevented his rising to the supreme position he deserved long before 1914, appears as von Ludendorff, horrid doubts begin to assail the reader. These are not allayed by Sir Arthur's consistent use of the word 'Russia' to designate all the separate national Republics that go to make up the U. S. S. R.—it is only when he quotes Hitler that Sir Arthur allows himself to slip into the more accurate designation of Soviet Union. But when this product of Eton and Balliol College, Oxford, refers to the

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Nazis as the Nazi, one loses patience. Does Sir Arthur suppose that the singular form is Nazus?

Yet these inaccuracies, and literally dozens more like them, might be ignored if Sir Arthur had grasped the major implications of his theme. But no. As a loyal Briton and upholder of the League he rhapsodizes over the lamented Sir Samuel Hoare's endorsement of that organization. In fact, he found it 'both flattering and embarrassing' merely to be an Englishman—last summer. At the same time, he does coyly admit that 'there is a difference between the Collective System as it has been envisaged by the British Government and as it is understood by Europeans.' Perhaps a select group of THE LIVING AGE readers, toughened by the rugged fare that they have been served, lo, these ninety years, can digest and even enjoy this poisonous nonsense. In any case Sir Arthur can safely receive, even at this early hour, recognition for having written the year's worst book on world affairs.

—QUINCY HOWE

THE RUSSIAN FINANCIAL SYSTEM. *By W. B. Reddaway. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1935. 106 pages. $2.25.*

MR. REDDAWAY rendered a valuable service to the people who are interested in Russian economics, or the experiment of planned economy, in explaining the various checks and re-checks established by the Russian Soviet Government to make that system work. But when one has completed reading the book, the mental reaction is that the real name of the book should have been *The Lack of a Financial System in Russia* from the point of view of capitalistic economics. When you are through with the book, you ask yourself this question: 'What does all this mental accounting matter when everything really belongs to the State?'

My deduction is that when Mr. Reddaway went to Russia to study the problem, he had the following question in mind: 'If competitive wages, prices and profits are not the mechanism by which the Communistic system directs resources to specific industries and finished products to individual consumers, and if these ends are assumed to be achieved by direct planning, what part is left for the money and the banking system to play?' And after Mr. Reddaway spent some time and wrote a book of some hundred odd pages explaining the various mechanics of the Communistic system, his answer in brief is:—

'That the financial and banking system becomes the State Cost Accounting Department and that although, from the State's point of view, direct action takes the part of indirect control through prices, money must play its usual function as a money of account and aid in the distribution of resources to maximum advantage.'

Mr. Reddaway's further analysis leads him to believe that the only function that the financial system plays in Russia is as a control system to establish a rigid economy and a perfect Accounting Department between the correlating branches of the various industries controlled by the Soviet Government.

In other words, from the point of view of the outside world, in the phraseology used in the financial systems in Europe, and America, there is no yardstick or gauge by means of which to approach the financial system of Russia. In fact, there is no necessity for a financial system under an economy where everything is controlled by the State.

In a capitalistic country where the motive of production is profit, the financial system is the balance wheel of expansion and contraction of currency by means of increasing or decreasing the discount rates to control the flow of capital for existing industries and for the expansion of new industries. In a planned economy where everything is owned by the Government and the basis of production is the required consumption and the military and naval expenditures for the security of the State, no financial balance wheel is required to control the flow of capital expansion.

However, Mr. Reddaway has rendered a service in discussing in full detail the dual price system which existed in Russia until the middle of last year and the derationing and abolition of the bread cards which has just recently been inaugurated. Anyone who is interested in Russian economics and watches the gradual perfection of the controlled economy existing in Russia will appreciate this valuable information given in Mr. Reddaway's book.

—SOL GROSSBARD

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WITH THE ORGANIZATIONS

CONTINUING this month our brief survey of American associations for the advancement of peace, we should like to mention first of all the World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches (70 Fifth Avenue, New York City). The World Alliance was founded in Constanz, Germany, in August, 1914, at the very moment of the outbreak of the World War. Its founders, churchmen from all parts of the world, realized that they had put off too long the task of organizing for peace. Nevertheless, before leaving Constanz, they passed a set of resolutions to the effect that the Christian Churches of the world should use their influence to bring about friendly relations between the nations, and that steps should be taken to form councils in every country to enlist Churches in this work.

The first meeting of the World Alliance after the War was in the fall of 1919, and the Alliance has held annual meetings ever since. It now has councils in thirty-three nations. It carries on its work through an international Committee whose members are elected by the National Council. Besides its annual world meetings the Alliance has held a series of regional conferences from time to time. It publishes a number of international journals and papers, and there is a constant interchange of news and plans between its national units. It also has a strong Youth Commission.

In short, the World Alliance, through organization, through education, through information and through the propagation of its ideals and purposes has performed services of incalculable value in furthering throughout the world the cause of peace.

A PEACE organization of a similar sort is the Catholic Association of International Peace, founded in 1927 in order to help American public opinion, and particularly Catholics, in the task of ascertaining more fully the facts of international life. It issues committee reports and pamphlets on international questions; promotes international discussion clubs in Catholic colleges, seminaries, and lay groups; and endeavors to further 'the Peace of Christ in the Kingdom of Christ.'

THE FOREIGN POLICY Association has started a new series of pamphlets called Foreign Policy Pamphlets. These will take the place of World Affairs Pamphlets, whose publication has now been taken over by the World Peace Foundation. The first issue of Foreign Policy Pamphlets, recently published, is *The Population Problem and World Depression*, by Louis I. Dublin, President of the Population Association of America. In this study it is pointed out that while birth rates decline in Great Britain, France and the United States, large population increases are reported annually in Germany, Italy, Japan and the Soviet Union. According to Dr. Dublin, Italy's Ethiopian adventure clearly illustrates the extreme to which a particularly acute population problem will drive an ambitious nation.

The second number in this series will be a comprehensive survey of events in Europe during the past year and a brief discussion of what may be expected during the coming year, by Raymond Leslie Buell, President of the Association.

The Foreign Policy Reports series has recently contained a clear analysis of the position of the United States regarding neutrality, *The New American Neutrality*, and an historical survey of Cuban events since the fall of Machado, in two issues, by Charles A. Thomson: *The Cuban Revolution:* 1. *Fall of Machado.* 2. *Reform and Reaction.*

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THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

TO WASH AWAY the bad taste left by the Pol article, we offer a short story by a celebrated young Italian novelist and poet, Aldo Palazzeschi. Frédéric Lefèvre, the editor of the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, has characterized Palazzeschi as 'a writer whose spirit is profoundly Italian and, at the same time, one of the most deserving of a hearing beyond the borders of Italy.' This story about a woman who was abnormally fond of cats is typical of Palazzeschi, who delights in tales of the grotesque, the fantastic, the monstrous. [p. 33]

MR. LÉON PIERRE-QUINT, who wrote one of the best books on Proust that we have (*Marcel Proust: His Life and Work*. New York: Knopf. 1927.), decided recently to reread the author whom he had once so warmly admired. The world has changed since the day, ten years ago and more, when the last of the many volumes of *A la Recherche du temps perdu* appeared in the bookshops. In France today it is the habit of the younger generation, and especially of the radical 'advance guard,' to belittle Proust, to damn him with the epithet of 'bourgeois,' or to point out that a reading of his novel is of no assistance whatever toward the understanding of economics. It was in the light of this criticism that Mr. Pierre-Quint set about his task of revaluation. [p. 50]

IT HAS often been charged that visitors to Russia are not allowed to see anything which the Soviet government does not wish them to see, and—on the other side of the fence—that those who come home with unfavorable reports are merely the paid propagandists of Messrs. Hitler and Hearst. It is therefore a privilege to be able to present the by no means wholly laudatory account of Ethel Mannin, who went where she pleased and is as free of the charge of being hostile to communism as any radical novelist and journalist and member of the British International Labor Party could be. [p. 60]

BY WAY of a counterfoil to Miss Mannin's charges comes Lev Kassil's story of the woman who hoarded, and got caught 'long' when the ration cards were abolished. Kassil is one of the most hopeful of the younger novelists in the U. S. S. R. today. He is the author of *Vodka Vezdie Khodka* (Whiskey Goes Everywhere), and *Shvambrania* (recently published in translation by the Viking Press). [p. 63]

ALL OF Germany's neighbor nations harbor refugees from Hitlerism today, but they do not all treat their guests alike. In the once very liberal Holland, for instance, as a correspondent of the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* points out, economic and civil liberties are being more and more curtailed as the influx of immigrants deepens the crisis and forces the Government to take action to combat it. [p. 66]

ON THE OTHER HAND Switzerland, a favorite refuge of German exiles, remains true to her liberal democratic traditions, and for that reason is one of the most hospitable hosts the expatriated German can find in Europe. Otto Zarek, a German novelist and an exile himself, describes the life of some of his compatriots there. [p. 68]

LE SANG NOIR, by Louis Guilloux, will be published in this country by Robert McBride. The English edition of Rudolf Olden's *Hitler* will be published by Victor Gollancz, London.

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